

APR 11 1919

# Film Fun

Price 15 Cents

M A Y

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## "Studio Clothes"

*With Illustrations by*  
W. E. HILL



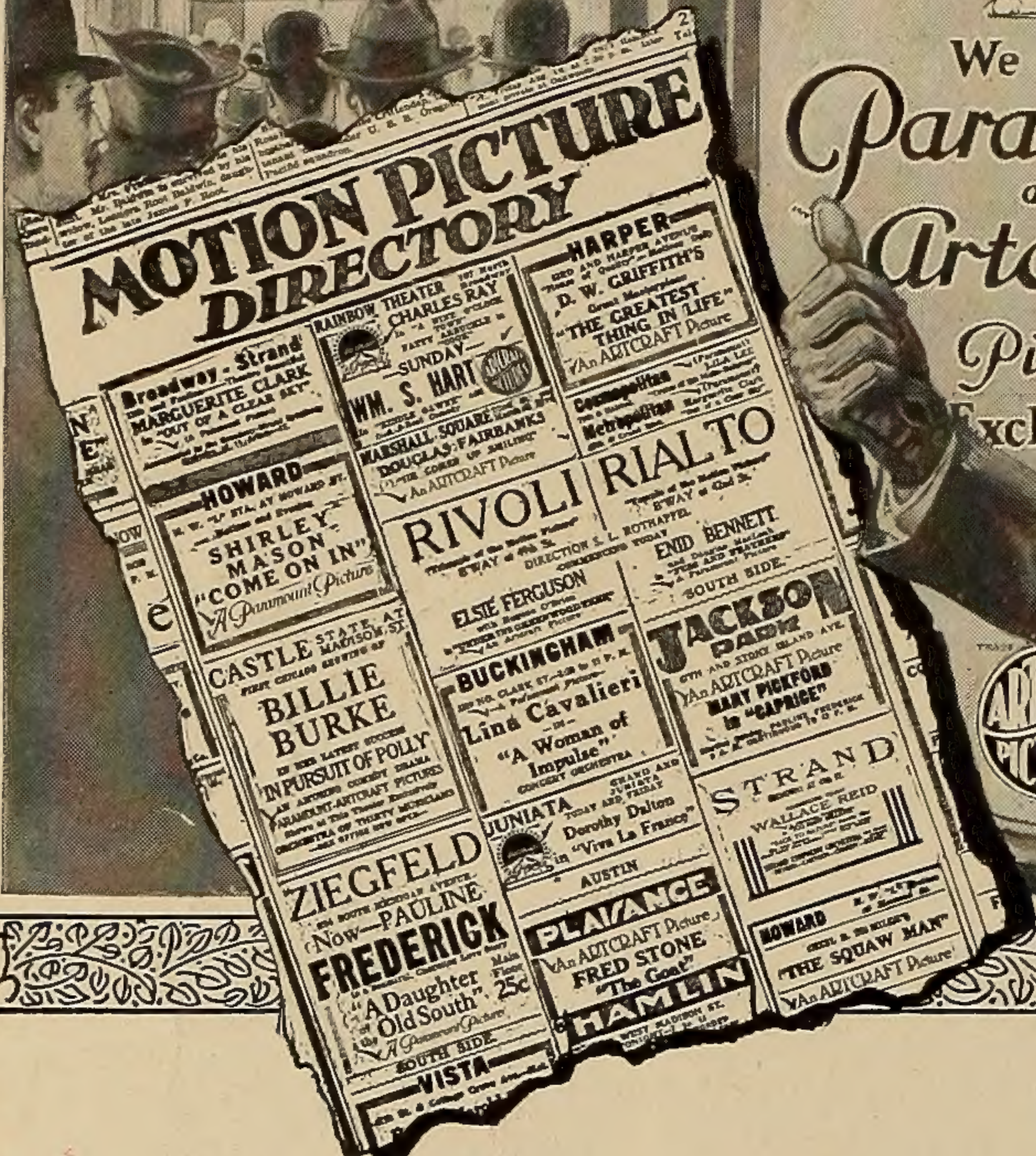
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"DOG-GONE DRY"





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and  
**Artcraft**  
Pictures  
Exclusively



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One each week  
Paramount-Burton Holmes  
Travel Pictures  
One each week





*Claire Du Brey, whose latest address is care of the Lewis Stone Producing Co., Los Angeles. Seemingly, she has discovered the secret of how to be happy though shoeless.*

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*Here is Mildred Harris. She looks a bit alarmed. Perhaps she is frightened by the publicity she has had since she married Charlie Chaplin.*





*What could be more precious than rubies? It's hard to venture a guess after contemplating this portrait of Ruby De Remer. A combination of Ruby and Goldwyn sounds rich, anyway.*

CAMPBELL PHOTO.





PARAMOUNT-ARBUCKLE

APEDA PHOTO

*Yes, this is Fatty Arbuckle. The name part in his recent screen-scream, "Love," seems seriously to have affected his temperament.*



# Flash Backs

*Some News Nuggets and Critical Quips*

**A**LL that makes some stars do the stunts they do is the fear of being double-crossed by a double.

Gale Henry's press agent is nothing if not timely. He parades her in print as "Bullseye Film Corporation's comedy ace." Some flight, that!

A one-reel Hooligan cartoon, entitled "A Smash-up in China," is among the week's releases announced by Educational Film Corporation. Doubtless it has been passed by the School Board of Censors.

Trade journals are invaluable as stimulants to hope. Here's one telling of the "synchronization of the music to the action and the spirit of the play." What a bright dream it is!

World Pictures will distribute Dawley's "Ghost of Slumber Mountain," in which monsters of the prehistoric age, in their fight for supremacy, live, breathe and move for the first time in the knowledge of living men. Think of a scenario acted by the pelycosaur, the ichthyosaurus, the dinosaur and the dodo! The complete cast isn't announced, but it seems fair to assume that the Whangdoodle has a fat part.

"The Belle of New York," in story form, to run serially in thirteen newspapers," was a recent announcement. Thirteen may be Marion Davies's lucky number, inasmuch as there are just that many Hearst newspapers.

"East is East, and West is West," but recently the twain did meet, Kipling to the contrary notwithstanding. An enterprising exhibitor invited all clergymen in Rochester and vicinity to a showing of "Hell Roarin' Reform," in which Tom Mix, cowboy, undertakes the reformation of a bad camp. Most of the clergymen attended, many expressed approbation, and

screen and pulpit both gained headway in the affections of citizens in that community. The like could occur profitably in other localities if there were more such pictures. They say of it that it has "more laughs to the minute than there are Germans out of luck."

"Yankee Doodle in Berlin," a five-part comedy release, is a rapid-fire presentation of things as they are not, and it will not be surprising if "the boys," when they see it, decide to subject it to the cowboy treatment of "taking it apart to see how it's made."

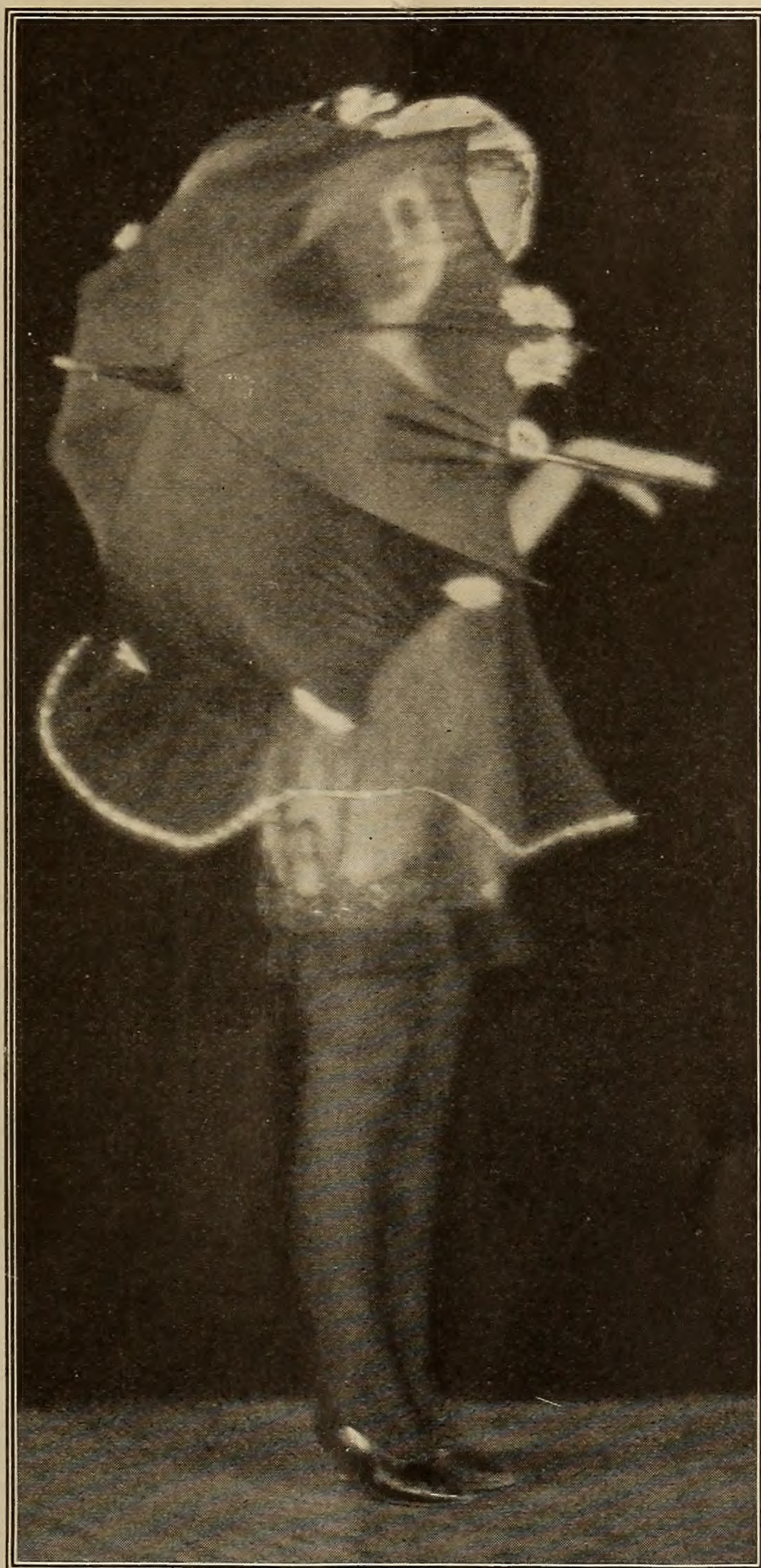
The Sholom Aleichem picture, "Khavah," is ready for release. Zion Films, Inc., are distributors. Now you understand, don't you?

"What Every Woman Wants," according to remarks we overheard, is not so much the gorgeous gowns Grace Darmond wears as it is her chance to wear them on the screen.

Letters to screen heroes are apt to contain weird suggestions, but the limit was reached recently when one of Wally Reid's admirers asked why he can't give other men lessons in the art of love making. Just as though he doesn't, in every picture he plays.

*Photoplay* publishes this, and we feel it our patriotic duty to pass the word along: "Do you know of a good-looking screeness about the age of nineteen who would like to be shipmates with a gob who can swim, ride, sing, is a good oarsman, can use a brace of six guns, also rifle, and can love like a full-rigger lies to a 20-knot wind?"

Clara Joel, after a long and successful stage season, is appearing in pictures, opposite E. K. Lincoln, in "Stars of Glory." "Business before Pleasure" — why, of course!



PARAMOUNT-MACK SENNETT

*"Full many a gem of purest Rye serene" might have been written about this very picture, but from there on you lose the likeness, for Marvel Rye, as you can see for yourself, is no flower "born to blush unseen," although she does believe in being careful of her complexion.*



# EDITORIAL

## A Battle of the Giants

**M**ILLIONS of patrons of the movies are interested in what promises to be a strenuous contest for supremacy in the photoplay industry. Two strong contestants are arraying their forces for the struggle. On the one side stands a prominent newspaper publisher with unlimited resources, and on the other a group of successful and popular artists.

It may be there is place for both these organizations and that competition between them will be for the greatest good to the greatest number, but in the interval before a conclusion is reached on this point the public is likely to benefit, because rivalry will result in better pictures and better service. We can all help the cause by withholding patronage from pictures and from theaters that we do not really and truly like, enjoy and approve. Hitherto we have paid too much for pictures we did not want.

## As Strong as Its Weakest Link

**T**HIS old saw can very well be applied to photoplays. As long as vicious plays are produced, no matter on how limited a scale, there will be condemnation for the entire industry, and questions of censorship, Sunday closing and the like will continue to vex us. It is a good time for us to wake up, clean house and exact for this great, new enterprise the respect due all but a very, very few of those engaged in it. It seems particularly urgent that we do this now, so that all our affairs may be in good working order for the new responsibility for promoting the happiness of our fellow-men that we must assume after July 1st.

## Build Ye More Stately Mansions

**W**E do not hold with those prohibition enthusiasts who advocate turning the saloons into picture theaters. New wine in old bottles is always disastrous. The cost of rebuilding is an item to be considered, and besides that, our pleasure places ought to be entirely free from any

shadow of a questionable past. The sensible thing will be the construction of new, beautiful and commodious picture theaters appropriate to the needs of the business. Probably their arrangement in circuits similar to vaudeville circuits as now in operation will be the next logical step in development. One such project for a string of picture theaters has been launched. Complete organization of the whole country might provide a palliative for prohibition.

## Cinema Salesmanship

**M**OVING pictures are valuable testimony and convincing. As an aid in reconstruction and readjustment they are proving of inestimable value, but our allies are making better use of this fact than we are, according to a statement made by Secretary of Commerce Redfield. Foreign folks are sending, in advance of their salesmen, into countries where trade relations are to be extended or adjusted, films showing their industries and their facilities. They afford a solid, practical working basis for negotiations, and films of this sort are coming into both Americas from all over the world. It behooves us to see to it that our own excellence in all lines of endeavor is presented everywhere for comparison. We can win, on worth, a fair share

of the world's business, if we go after it. Whatever may be said of overproduction of films, here is one rich field that has hardly been touched.

## Joining in the Good Work

**N**OT long ago on this page we mentioned the "masher" and his obnoxious behavior. Since the story appeared, other magazines of wide circulation and influence have enlisted in the crusade, which should have the most active support of everyone. These creatures are few in number, but they are less to be tolerated than adders or tarantulas. Not even one should be allowed at large. A recent remedy proposes that pictures shall be shown in lighted auditoriums. This may be one way of abating the nuisance, but also we advocate plenty of publicity.



### A STUDIO MYSTERY

The Camera Man—Say! Where'd that fellow go?  
I wanted to take a close-up of him.



# "A Man and His Money" Has Thrills



1. Harry and Betty; Harry's business — by day—being polo.

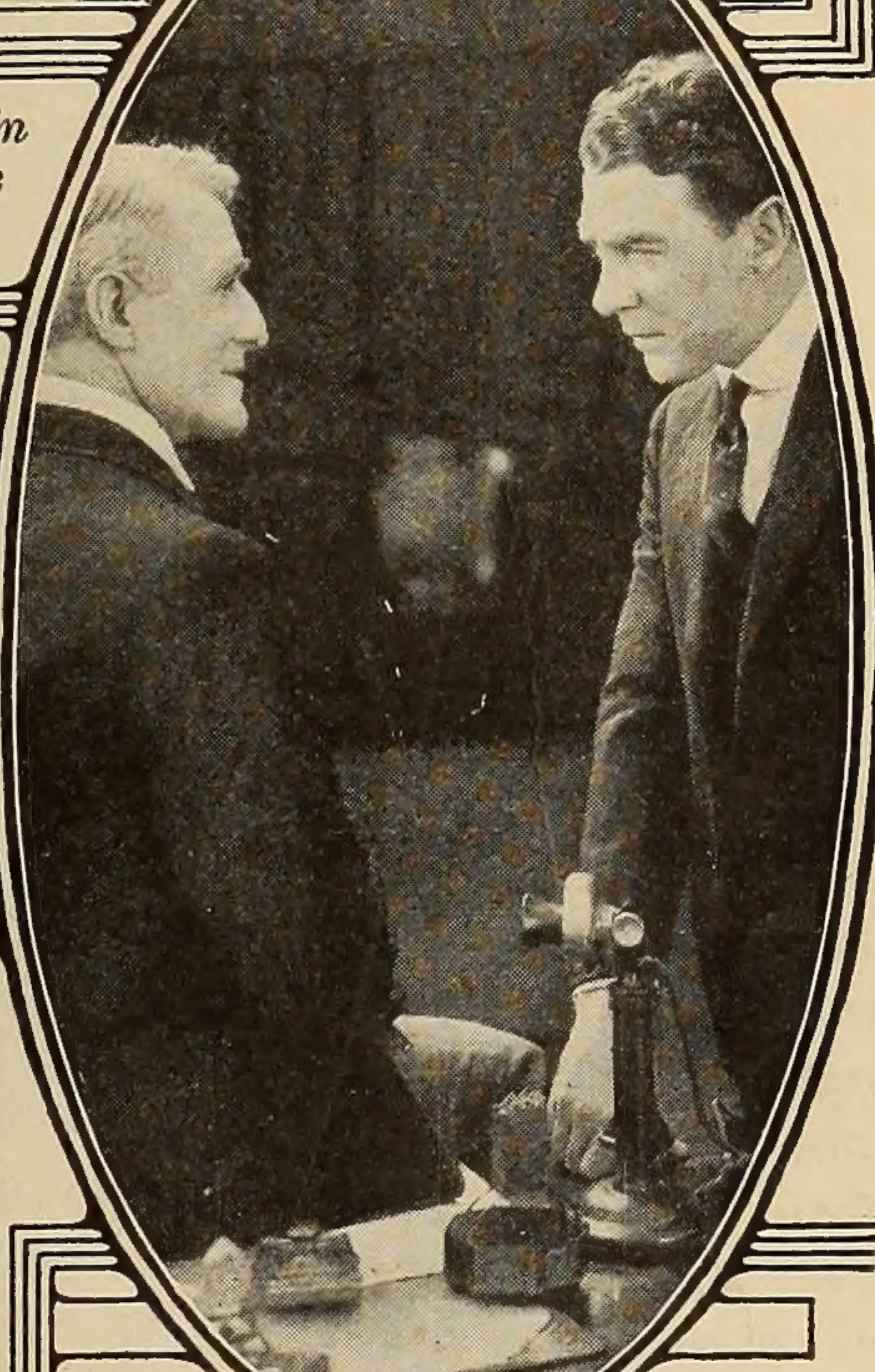
2. When it is too late in the day for polo, there are other diversions.



3. It is this sort of thing, reports of which reach her, that causes Betty to break their engagement.

## In a Few Words

Harry Lothrop (Tom Moore), a rich young society man, realizes the aimlessness of his life when Betty, his fiancée, breaks their engagement. Promptly assigning his income to his lawyer, he decides to work for a living. Forced by necessity, he becomes caretaker of a wealthy woman's pet dogs, only to discover that the woman is Betty's aunt. Betty is socially pursued by Walter Randall, whom she has refused, but who seeks, through a serving-maid accomplice, to lure her from her aunt's home to his mountain lodge. He decoys Betty away in his car—with Harry clinging to the back of the machine. Harry rescues Betty from a desperate situation at Randall's lodge, and restores himself to love and self-respect.



4. Harry assigns his income to his lawyer, and says he is going to get a job.



5. Matters do not improve when it turns out that the woman for whom Harry is dog-nurse is Betty's aunt.



6. Preface to a happy ending, though it doesn't look happy. Harry foils Randall in his plot against Betty.



# Studio Clothes and Those Who Wear 'Em

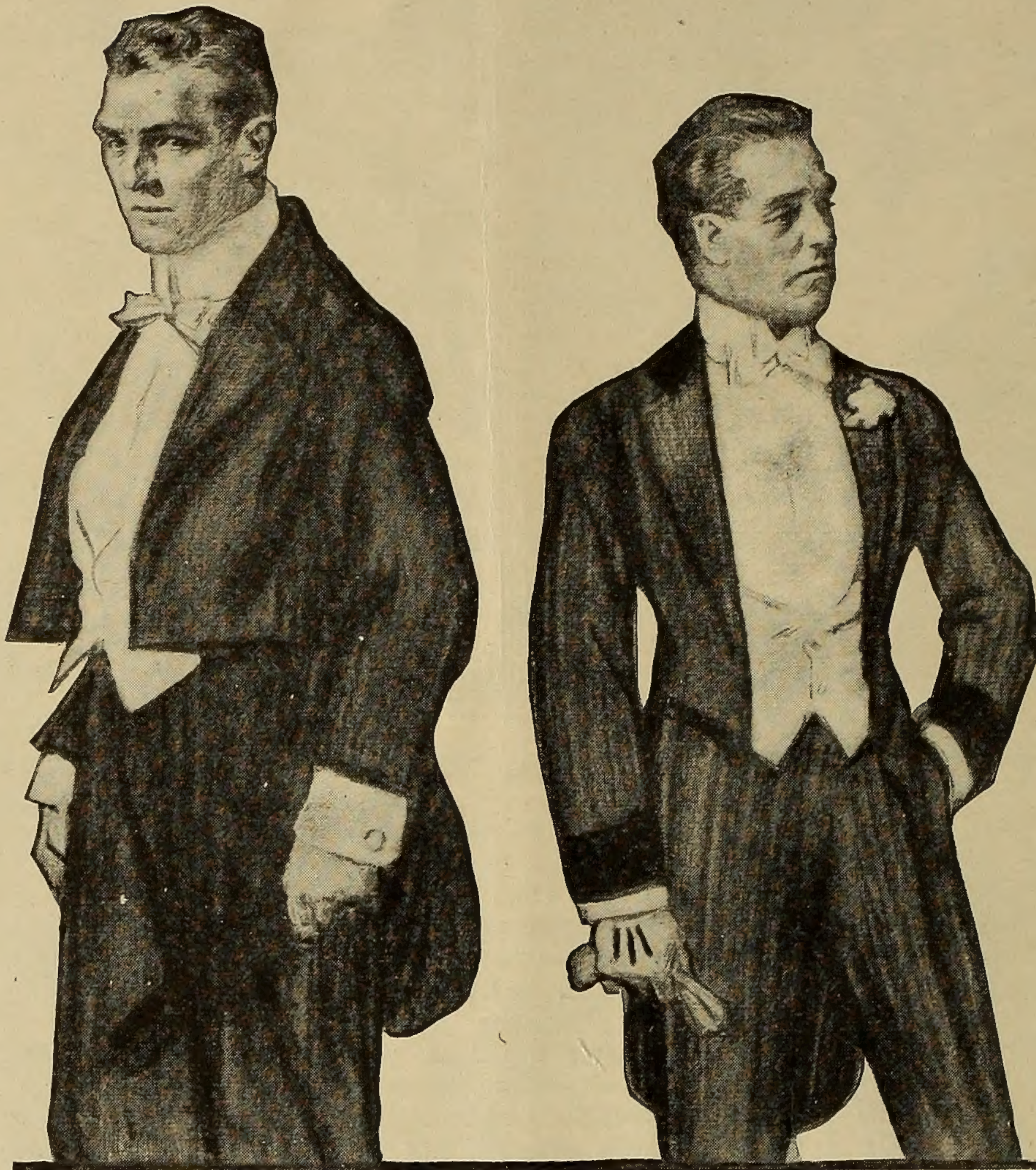
By Harold Seton

Illustrated by W. E. Hill

**I**N stage productions the costumes are generally provided by the management, but in moving pictures it is a different proposition, and the actors and actresses supply their own attire. This expense is of comparatively small concern to the leading man or the leading woman, who receive very liberal salaries; but to the humble "extra" it is a serious proposition. The "extra" gets five dollars a day, and perhaps only obtains one or two days a week, seldom more than three or four days, and trials and tribulations are encountered before these engagements are secured. In New York there are calls to be paid uptown and downtown, with trips to Fort Lee, Yonkers and Brooklyn. Or, if one depends upon an agent, there are commissions to be deducted. Some agents guarantee four dollars, but some only guarantee three dollars. So it is certainly a problem for the "extra" to make both ends meet!

And yet it is really surprising how well dressed these men and women manage to appear. They have apparel suitable for each and every occasion—street clothes, sport clothes, evening clothes and bathing suits; in fact, whatever is intimated in the script of the scenario. The usual mode of procedure is to visit the office of one casting director after another, until a job is landed. If one is of the type demanded, well and good! One will be told to report the next morning at nine o'clock, made up and ready. If one does not succeed at first, one must try, try again. Personally, I have on more than one occasion gone the rounds, and then started in all over again, finally being accepted at the first office, where I was previously rejected. Such is the irony of Fate! When one is told to report, one is also told what clothes to bring.

"Street clothes, for an office scene," or "sport clothes, for a country club," or "evening clothes, for a ballroom scene." The casting director makes a point of remember-



*Fellows with ill-fitting dress suits passed by in favor of undersized chaps with immaculate attire.*

ing not only our physical appearance, but also our sartorial embellishments. A girl with a pretty face but a shabby wardrobe may have to make way for a girl not so attractive of feature but more fashionably gowned. The same with the men. I have seen fine, strapping fellows with ill-fitting dress suits passed by in favor of undersized chaps with immaculate attire.

Some of the five-dollar-a-day men earn barely enough to pay for board and lodging, and are compelled to hire dress suits whenever such apparel is called for. But others make a very little go a long way, and possess not only a swallow-tail coat,

but also a dinner jacket and a cutaway coat and a Norfolk jacket, and heaven knows what not! How they manage is a mystery.

One chap, frequently encountered at the various studios, has been nicknamed "Dick the Dude," because of his apparently inexhaustible wardrobe. For five dollars a day he will blossom forth in a silk hat and white spats or riding breeches or tennis togs. His morning clothes and his evening clothes are the envy of the leading men, as are also his tight-fitting or loose-fitting overcoats, his silk shirts and brocaded cravats.

Another character, nicknamed "Wardrobe Willie," goes to the trouble of hauling a suitcase along with him on his early-morning pilgrimages to Fort Lee, on the chance of stepping into the shoes of someone who has not showed up. It frequently occurs that, for some reason or other, there are not sufficient people for the set. If street clothes are needed, men and women can always be picked up at Fort Lee. But if dress suits or ball gowns are required, there must be considerable delay in sending to New York. That is where "Wardrobe Willie" comes in. He always has evening clothes in his suitcase, in addition to the street clothes on his back. One day I heard a casting director



say, "What we need now is a chap to play a waiter." To which Willie responded, "I have a dinner coat and a waiter's necktie in my bag." And, sure enough, he had! So, of course, he landed the job.

It has been said, "Clothes make the man." It might also be added, "Clothes make the woman." Sometimes, too, paradoxical as it may sound, the woman makes the clothes! Many studio habitues are as clever with their

needles as with their powder puffs and put together every stitch they wear. I know a girl who for fifteen or twenty dollars can copy a costume costing fifty or sixty. Many moving picture "extra" women secure their frocks and frills at secondhand, from establishments patronized by women of wealth. Thus, if Miss Smith or Miss Jones is to impersonate a society woman, she may actually be wearing a frock designed for Mrs. Astor or Mrs. Vanderbilt!

On the other hand, I have been in three different pictures with a well-known star, whose costumes must cost very little. I have been astonished to note

that the gowns of this celebrity are



*Ready to overwhelm the casting director.*

sometimes surpassed by those of mere "extra" women. But her ladyship has an instinct for stage effect and is an expert at camouflage. With the assistance of a maid, she will wear a frock consisting of yards and yards of material, clinging silk or satin, fastened together with pins, so that an endless variety of styles is assured, like the bits of glass in a kaleidoscope. Once I saw her swathed

in yellow silk, set off with bits of jet on the shoulders and around the waist. Again I saw her swathed in the same silk, differently draped and tricked out with festoons of flowers at the corsage and hem.

Then there is another star who is a great attraction and who must make a lot of money. Nevertheless, she seems reluctant to invest in wearing apparel, and year after year is viewed in the same old habiliments. Her figure is superb, and she prefers styles that accentuate her lines. But in one of her recently released films I recognized a gown that has been in constant use for at least six seasons.

No "extra" girl would dare attempt such an experiment!

Moving pictures are very hard on one's clothes—much harder, in fact, than actual life. For instance, when I started my investigation of studio conditions, I wore a dress suit that had served for two years and was in perfect condition. But after a series of scenes in ballrooms and cabarets, and after a series of stains from grease paint and powder, the suit was entirely ruined. The same way with my tennis flannels. One outdoor picture called for a crawl on hands and knees, and another called for a roll down a grassy bank. As a result, my natty white flannels became shabby green flannels!

And when it comes to falling into rivers, lakes or fountains! But, of course, one receives a half-check extra for such performances. But one deserves it! No amount of pressing and cleaning will ever restore one's garments to their pristine glory. During a panic scene, my coat was torn and my hat was smashed. When I subsequently expostulated with the director, I was told not to be so "fussy," and it was intimated that any number of fellows were ready and willing to take my place. So there you are!



*And when it comes to falling in rivers, lakes or fountains!*

## Force of Film Habit

*Flora*—You say your director went hunting and was bit by a bear?

*Fauna*—Yes; instead of shooting when the bear charged him, he shouted, "Cut!"

## Its Mission

'Twas slapstick stuff. The highbrow frowned.

"Such nonsense!" muttered he.

But it brought the smiles to weary eyes

Which little pleasure see.





# Whim-Whams and Wheezes

By Harry J. Smalley



**T**IS a good thing for Will Rogers that beauty is only skin deep. If his went down much deeper, 'twould be fatal.

**"L** OUISE HUFF in 'Heart of Gold'—exhilarating as champagne—a sparkling comedy-drama that sends people home full of the best of spirits." (Adv.)

Hurry up and see it before July 1st!

## THE ACTOR'S VERSION

*"He that fights and runs away  
May turn and fight another day,  
And he that's in the battle slain  
Will also rise to fight again!"*

**B**ILLIE RHODES and her company voyaged to Honolulu to secure local color for her next production.

When you view this picture, you will have no difficulty in locating the l. c. 'Tis brown, and adorns the beauteous billierhodes' limbs. Also, ever afterward, you'll pronounce that word "Honey Lu Lu"!

**W**ALTER LAW, after portraying for years social outlaws and all-round villainous screen characters,

is now playing a limb of the law in "The Thirteenth Chair." His delineation of the detective in this play arrests your attention at once—indeed, Walter, recalling his past screen scoundrelisma, is tempted at times to arrest himself.

**W**HEN, in order to view your favorite in a five-real feature, you discover you must also watch a two-reel comedy of the brand you particularly dislike, aren't you tempted to paraphrase the ancient chant of the bridesmaids:

*"Something old and nothing new,  
Something borrowed and something blue,"*

the last word referring, of course, to your mental condition while the "comedy" is gloomily glumping along to the welcome "The End"?

**T**HE rapid growth of the motion picture industry is so astounding that it requires no great stretch of the imagination to see it some day supplanting the post office, for instance, as a public institution.

With that gigantic idea in mind, I fearlessly predict that future congressmen, endeavoring to please

(Continued on page 40)



*Sitting in the conventional living-room when he calls on a young lady is altogether too tame for Douglas Fairbanks. Majorie Daw is Doug's idea of the ideal hostess.*





# Bill Hart

# Plus Some of His Pals



"Shake hands," says Bill to his pinto pony. No, Bill's favorite horse hasn't worked in pictures since "The Narrow Trail." But he comes out to frolic with his master.

One way to tame a bad man is to scare him to death. When the Arizona gentleman succumbed to the lure of Broadway, he was lost. Whoever dreamed that Bill Hart would try chorus steps?



When Seena Owen saw Bill Hart in a dress suit she thought he looked awfully funny, so Bill roped her. Only her plea of innocence saved a "chapping."



Bill admires Australia. He is congratulating the champion boxing kangaroo who has just knocked out a man. Bill says it pays to be friendly with this critter.



# When the Studio Wires Are Busy



*Evelyn Greeley's face is troubled. It seems to have dawned upon her that possibly the wrong man is on the other end of the wire.*



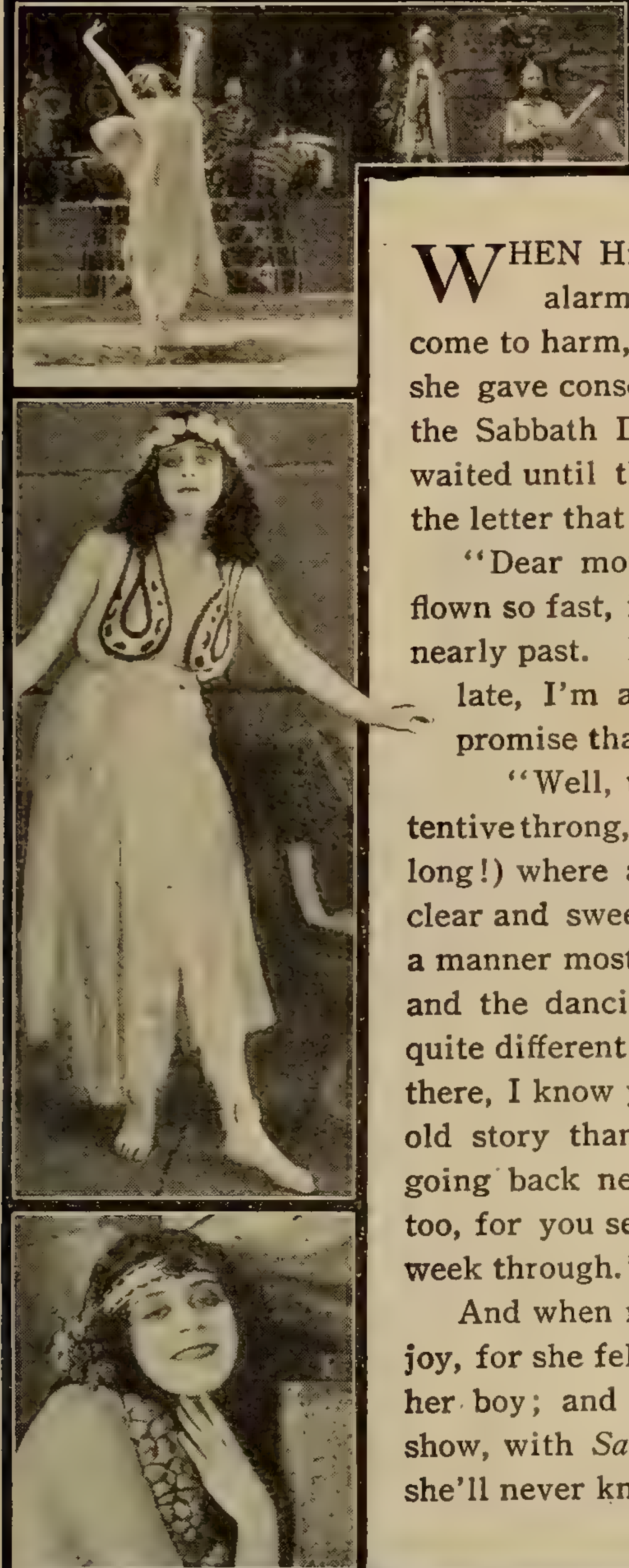
*"Here's your party," said Central to June Elvidge, but apparently the lines were still crossed. It is evident that Miss Elvidge doesn't get quite all that "her party" is saying.*



WORLD

*Screen idols, like matinee idols, receive numerous "mash" calls, as well as "mash" letters. Witness the little flapper who is telling Carlyle Blackwell that she thinks he is "perfectly adorable."*





## A Reel Letter

WHEN Hiram went a-visiting, his ma felt great alarm, lest in the wicked city her son should come to harm, and wrung from him a promise, before she gave consent, that he would write and tell her how the Sabbath Day was spent. And how anxiously she waited until the happy day when the postman brought the letter that wiped her fears away!

"Dear mother," Hiram wrote her, "the days have flown so fast, it seems I scarce can realize a week has nearly past. But now it's Sunday evening—and right late, I'm afraid—but I have just remembered the promise that I made.

"Well, to-day I spent some hours with a most attentive throng, in an edifice imposing (it seemed an acre long!) where an organ grand was pealing in tones so clear and sweet, and the day's theme was presented in a manner most unique. The subject was King Herod and the dancing girl, Salome, and given in a manner quite different from at home. If you and pa had been there, I know you would have said there's more to that old story than the little bit you've read! And I'm going back next Sunday, and perhaps some evenings, too, for you see they hold like meetings in the city all week through."

And when ma read this letter, she shed real tears of joy, for she felt contamination had indeed been spared her boy; and Hiram didn't mention it was a movie show, with *Salome* the big attraction, and, of course, she'll never know!



### The Millennium

*Visitor*—What is your conception of an ideal photoplay?

*Director*—One that can be produced without actors, actresses or scenario writers.

### All's Fair

*Movie Magnate*—Why, even your grand opera stars are now playing in our silent dramas.

*Grand Opera Magnate*—But I am going to get even with you. I'm having a grand opera composed for Charlie Chaplin; it's called "Wrig-geletto."

### The Movie Metropolis

Some say it with a sort of wheeze  
And long drawn out: *Loss Angeles*.

Some others end it with a hiss,  
As though to ask: *Loss Angeliss*?

While cultured ones, by twos and threes,  
Affect it thus: *Lohs Onhaylees*.

For those whose time is on the flit,  
*Los Anglis* shortens it a bit.

But for myself, I've found a way;  
To play it safe, just say *L. A.!*

—Otis C. Little.

### The Magnet

The real movie magnate is the star  
that draws the crowds.

### Far Fetched

The *Green Room Magazine* of Australia gives an enormous cake each year to a favorite film or stage player. Charles Chaplin has been awarded one of the famous cakes.

That Charlie Chaplin took the cake  
Will not seem strange, I trow,  
For everybody knows that he  
Receives a lot of "dough"!

### Tough Luck

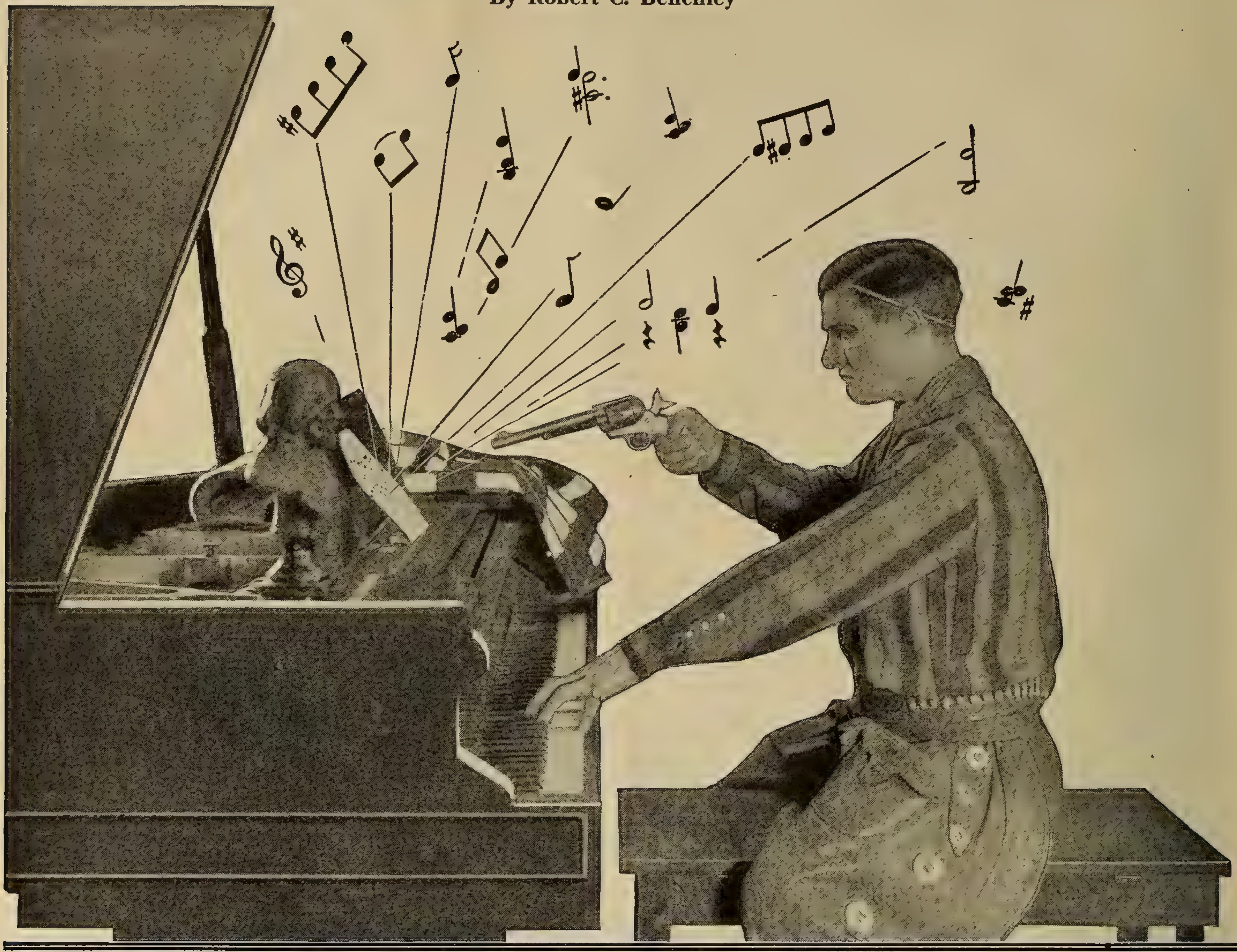
There was sadness among the boys  
of the neighborhood, for the motion  
picture theater had burned down dur-  
ing the night.

"Why couldn't it be the school?"  
they wailed.



# Musical Time-Tables

By Robert C. Benchley



*For real primitive rough stuff, Tom Mix provides his own incidental music.*

**T**O those pessimists who believe that a League of Nations is not practicable, who despair of human nature ever lending itself to any regulation in times of emotional stress, I would present the case of the movie pianist. In his field we have witnessed, in the past few years, a reform which would have been scoffed at as "Furbush's Folly" had a man named Furbush had the temerity to suggest it five years ago. To be comparatively brief: the movie pianist has now been shown a way in which to follow the action on the screen with appropriate tunes!

Most children of to-day will easily recall the time when the movie pianist considered his work well done when he had kept a certain amount of noise issuing from the keyboard during the showing of a reel. His was a care-free life. All he needed was a copy of "The Four Jolly Robbers March" and "Narcissus," a good stock of Juicy Fruit gum, and a pair of strong wrists, and he was set for an afternoon of murder, passion, death-bed scenes (with perhaps a bar or two from "Hearts and Flowers" to hurry the old party along), or any emotion that the screen is heir to. Once in a while, in the event of a bit of gay life in the

picture, the pianist might coyly insert a strain from a popular song, just to show that he was in touch with the outside world; but never, by any chance, were music and action co-ordinated to any greater extent than a tactful refraining from playing "Good-by, Girls, I'm Through," at the death of Cardinal Richelieu, or ragging a betrayal scene.

But now the thing is simple. Thanks to the painstaking efforts of experts who have graduated from research courses in Music Cue Schedules, all the pianist has to do is keep his eye on a little time-table which comes with each picture presented at his house, telling just what music to play and at just what points in the film to play it, with the running time figured out to seconds, indicating when he must shift from "Shadows of Night," Oriental stuff, to Dramatic Tension No. 3, etc. Further than that, so that he can't go wrong, he has the sub-titles all charted out for him in a parallel column, in case he should not be quick at reading numbers. Thus, when the film has been running 19½ minutes, and the sub-title, "Who Are You? How Dare You?" has flashed on, the most inexperienced pianist can tell that he should be playing Dramatic Tension No.

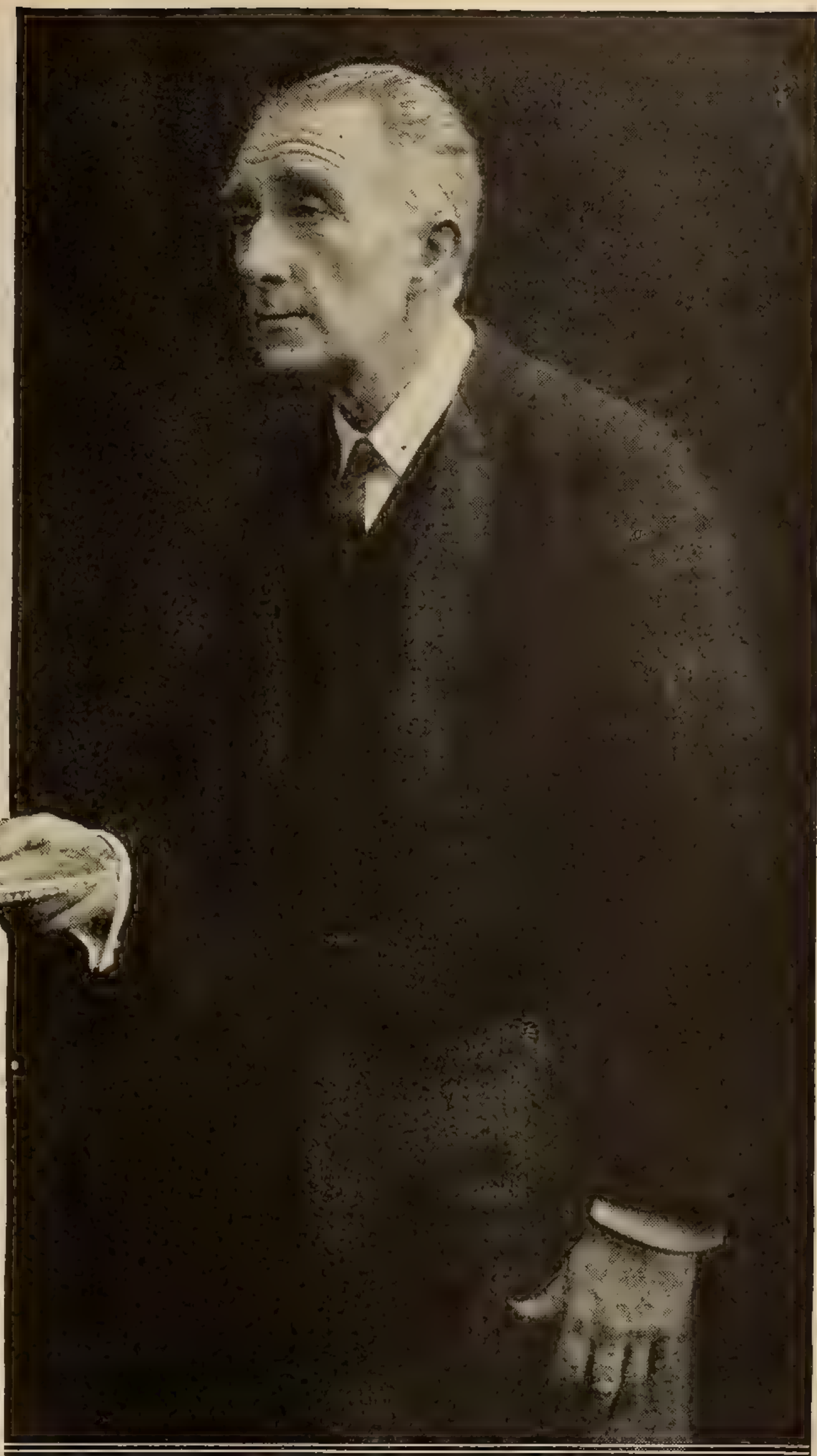


44—Borch, and that he should continue to play it for 2½ minutes (which is considerable dramatic tension, when you come to think of it).

It will be seen from this that there is little or no excuse for mismated music and action, unless——

And that *unless* is ominous. Supposing a film has been all charted for its music possibilities, and its "Dance Caprices" and "Rustles of Spring" all tabulated to accord, in fractions of seconds, with its tender moments and stirrings of primal emotions, and then, after the running time has been set down, some censorious-minded official decides to cut out about 250 feet of film, so that the picture can be shown in Boston. What then?

Let us picture a conscientious pianist, with little imagination and bi-focal lenses, equipped with a music-cue schedule and a sublime faith. He starts out on the stirring picture, "The Midnight Trail," with his eyes glued to the time-table. At the first turn he is neck and neck with the story, playing "Sweet Idleness Waltz," by Hosmer (6-8 Commode), while *Jack Woodford*, the young millionaire, sits dreaming of *Alice Moreland*, the rector's daughter. So far, so good. But little does our hero know that waiting for him, beyond the next fifty feet of film, is a cut which will throw his schedule out by one minute and three-quarters! Little does he realize, even now, as he drifts jocularly into "Wooden Shoe Dance Fantastique" (4-4 Allegro molto vivace), that *Jack's* poor, broken-down mother is on her knees before her son, begging him to give up this life of dissipation. According to the schedule it should be the start of the auto race. But listen! Will no one tell him that while he, intent on his chart, is rendering "The Funeral March of a Marionette" (Andante pathétique), the young millionaire has long since left his dying father and is now dancing in a crowded ballroom with young ladies in fancy dress, who seem never to have learned anything but the two-step, but who are performing that with incredible agility in spite of the music? What will he say when



*When an actor picks a part in which he must be servile, preferring it to a role in which he may look kingly, he is entitled to have his picture in the paper. His name is Alec B. Francis, and he plays butler to Mae Marsh.*



*When Bill Hart clinches his lips and bunches his brows like this, it is a sign that the villain in the play is about to earn his money.*

he finds out that, while *Harvey Faxon*, the gambler, was forcing a kiss from the unwilling lips of the struggling *Elsie*, he, the conscientious pianist, was accompanying the dastardly act with "Do It Again, Bo, Do It Again!" and that all the feeling which he was capable of throwing into "Under the Leaves" (Poco agitato) was wasted on a colored slide showing a pink and green picture of Fatty Arbuckle, who comes to this theater next Thursday?

The answer to all this is, I suppose, that it couldn't happen, because they adjust the schedules to the cuts. Isn't that just like these efficient guys, to go and spoil a good story?

### At the Movies

"I understand the star and her leading man are married."

"You must be wrong. Didn't you notice how ardent they were in the love scenes?"

### Dead

"Do you think the old one-reel days will return?"

"No. After running the case and the names of the author, scenarioist, camera man, etc., one reel is gone."





PARAMOUNT-INCE

*Enid Bennett giving an imitation of a man who has succumbed to golf fever. We think it likely that husband-director Fred Niblo supplied the inspiration for this sketch.*



had taken lunch in a cafe and hailed a taxi to return to the hotel. Lillian doesn't speak French, so she was merely an interested onlooker at the spirited dialogue staged by Mlle. Suzanne and the taxi driver. It appeared that he was in a furious rage about something or other; he shrugged his shoulders, he shook his fists, he snapped his fingers under mademoiselle's pretty nose, and Lillian watched with rising wrath what appeared to be an effort on the part of the Parisian chauffeur to browbeat the placid little Mlle. Suzanne, who seemed quite unconcerned at the former's threatening attitude. After fifteen minutes of uninterrupted vituperation, and when the man seemed about to wax violent, Lillian interfered.

"Come, mademoiselle," she said firmly, "I won't have you insulted by that man! What is he saying?"

Mademoiselle gave a typically Gallic shrug.

"He say, hees motor, she is broke down," she explained apologetically.

THE Gish family is generally considered to be an ideally happy one, but, hush! speak softly! there is one discordant note in the ensemble. It is furnished by John, the parrot, who tolerates Mrs. Gish, worships Lillian, and hates Dorothy with a deep-rooted Prussian venom. Dorothy says there's no reason for John's disliking her. Of course she pulls his tail feathers, makes faces at him, and mimics him when he talks; but she doesn't see why he should object to that—no one else minds Dorothy's pranks, but John does, most emphatically! He shocked the family the other day by saying, with a resigned air, when he saw Dorothy coming into the room, "Oh, hell, here comes that pest!" John can be relied on to announce the ringing of the 'phone, for he calls shrilly to the maid, "'Phone! Answer the 'phone!" Then adds, sotto voce, "I'm not in—tell 'em I'm out." He gets the family to dinner every evening by calling, "Moth-er! Lill-ian! Doro-thee-ee!" But Dorothy says she is sure he doesn't know whom he is calling when he includes her, or he'd let her starve.

MANY people have wondered from what source has come Charlie Chaplin's fertile fun inspirations; one would think that he got them from jazz music or perhaps from a lively musical comedy, but nothing of the sort. If you go along the streets of Los Angeles at the hour of eleven-thirty p. m. or thereabouts, you may see a rather small, dapper young man in an inconspicuous overcoat and cap, stalking along with head bent as if in deep meditation, taking no cognizance of anything or anyone. And if you trail him long enough, you may be rewarded by seeing him stop suddenly, throw up his head and chuckle, then hastily scribble something in a notebook; and then you may be sure that from somewhere in the night air an idea has entered the Chaplin brain that you will see later on the screen. Sometimes he stops outside a theater and watches the crowds come out; a word caught in passing, a mannerism, a trifling incident are all that are needed to make a full-fledged idea. Or, again, he may pause by a store window, and an inspection of the articles displayed may suggest something in the comedy line. I saw him once dodge a man who came out of a building with a ladder, preparatory to washing the windows. Chaplin stopped

and laughed outright; it gave him an idea, which came out later in the screamingly funny ladder episodes of "The Pawnshop."

DOUG FAIRBANKS, if he keeps on, will have quite a menagerie on his lot. He recently bought a mountain lion cub, which was christened Dynamite, and which caused a periodic sensation at the studio by breaking gaol and wandering around the lot. Now he has acquired a small, mangy-looking bear, with the euphonious name of Hyacinth. Doug describes Hyacinth as being "temperamental, but not vicious"; but if his—yes, despite the name, the bear is a he—if his temperament expresses itself in trying to chew the leg off a camera man, as he was engaged in doing when we were out at the studio, or running to cover an inoffensive extra man who was applying for a job—well, then, sez we, if that's temperament, give us viciousness.

GLADYS BROCKWELL is one of the few stars who doesn't stand on her dignity even with such lowly persons as extras. She will hail a little three-dollar-a-day girl with just as much camaraderie as she will greet the director or the president of the company. The other day we noted a crowd around a Brockwell set, at the Fox studio, from which rose loud laughter at frequent intervals. We thought it might be a comedy that was being filmed, but it wasn't. Gladys was in the center of a gang of studio carpenters, character actors, extras and stenographers, and had instituted, while waiting for the set to be ready, a ceremony called "Joining the Navy." An unsuspecting person would be lured to the set and told to pick up a pin on the floor, thereby becoming a member of the order. As the initiate stooped, Gladys would rip a piece of cloth behind his back, and the stooper would straighten up with a gasp and start to sidle out of the set before the assembled throng would break into hilarious laughter. No one was spared, from the leading man to the electrician—even the executive offices were raided to recruit new members for the "Navy," and everyone stayed to see the trick played on someone else, hence the crowd. We sneaked away before Gladys spotted us, and brought away our editorial dignity intact; we don't believe in promiscuous "j'ining."

GEORGE McDANIEL, the husky new star who has just finished taking the part of *Young Matt* in Harold Bell Wright's "Shepherd of the Hills," says he lost the name part of "Daddy Long-Legs," with Mary Pickford, because he cast too big a shadow; it looked more like an octopus than a spider, sezze.

When George came back to Los Angeles one night after three months spent in the mountain fastnesses making the picture, he went to his house, found it locked from stem to stern, and remembered that his wife was spending the week-end at the beach. He tried to get in and failed; he searched for the key under the mat, under the steps and in the window box. He spent the night on the front porch, expecting that at any minute a cop would take him for a burglar. At cold dawn he grew desperate and broke in the front door. There he found on the table a note from Friend Wife: "Dear George, the key is in the mail box."



# Bill Hart Without a Cow-Puncher Make-Up



1. Hairpin Harry, the convict, dreams of release, and of the woman waiting for him.



2. Shortly afterward, his pal tells him of his wife's faithlessness. He is alone.



3. His wife, Polly, the Poppy Girl, as he remembered her, and hoped to find her.

## "The Poppy Girl's Husband"

*Hairpin Harry Dutton* (William S. Hart) is serving a term for burglary. He dreams of the day when, released, he may return to his wife and boy. When that day comes, an old pal tells him that his wife, known as *Polly, the Poppy Girl*, deserted him and married the detective who "framed" him. A broken man, *Dutton* plans vengeance; but one day he meets his own son, a little chap, and a comradeship springs up between them which saves the mother from a terrible fate. For her faithlessness he intends to brand her, and one night has chloroformed her for the purpose, when his boy's sobbing voice calls him to his senses. He and the boy leave the unconscious woman, and far away, in the hills, find their land of dreams.



4. Playtime with his son, whom he meets by chance on the street near his home.



5. The night of vengeance. The ex-convict prepares to brand Polly with a copper-plate which he has made.



6. The sound of his son's voice, calling from another room, stays his hand. He leaves, taking the boy with him.



# "Six Cylinder Love" Is High Speed All the Way



1. Colonel and Mrs. Bean hear by telegram that niece Violet is coming.



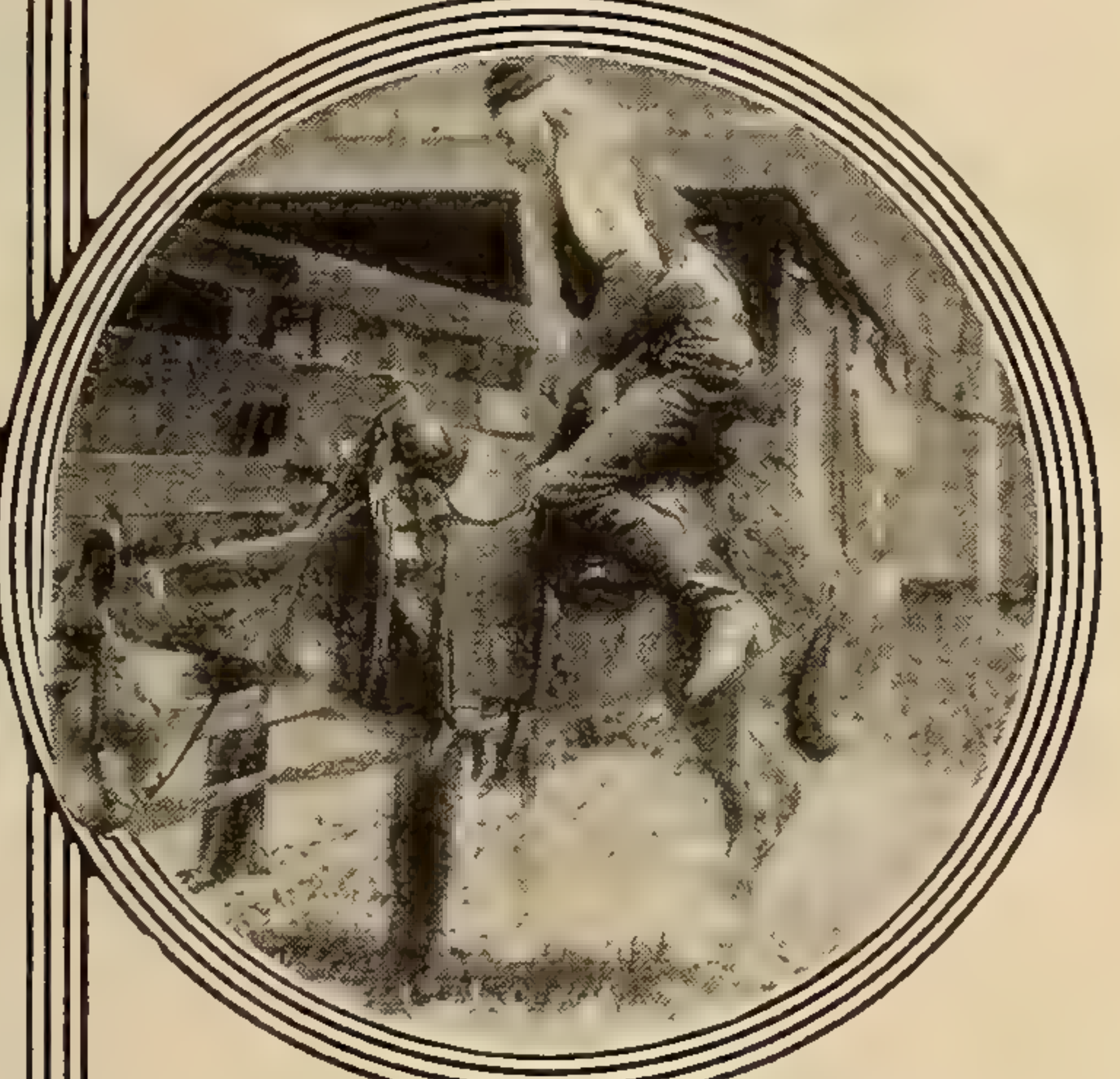
2. Buck, the cow-puncher, who is delegated as Violet's escort to the ranch.

## Some Idea of It

Uproarious Western burlesque. Buck Saunders starts for the station to welcome Violet, niece of Colonel Bean. There is the inevitable bad man, Steve Jordan, who determines to hold up the stage and capture the girl. While Buck is getting Violet's trunk, the stage goes off with Violet and a colored "mammy" in it. Buck starts in pursuit on pony back, dragging the trunk after him. Because it is the wrong trunk, the aged station master also gives chase. And there is a prolonged climax in which Buck catches and loses the stage, Steve captures and loses the girl, the station master gets the trunk, and nearly everybody gets a fall over a cliff with a bull at the foot. Oh, yes; and there is a sheriff who rounds up "the bad men."



3. Percy, the Bean's dog, shows a friendly attachment for Buck when he goes over the cliff.



4. The aged station master arrives on his mule at the scene of Buck's troubles.



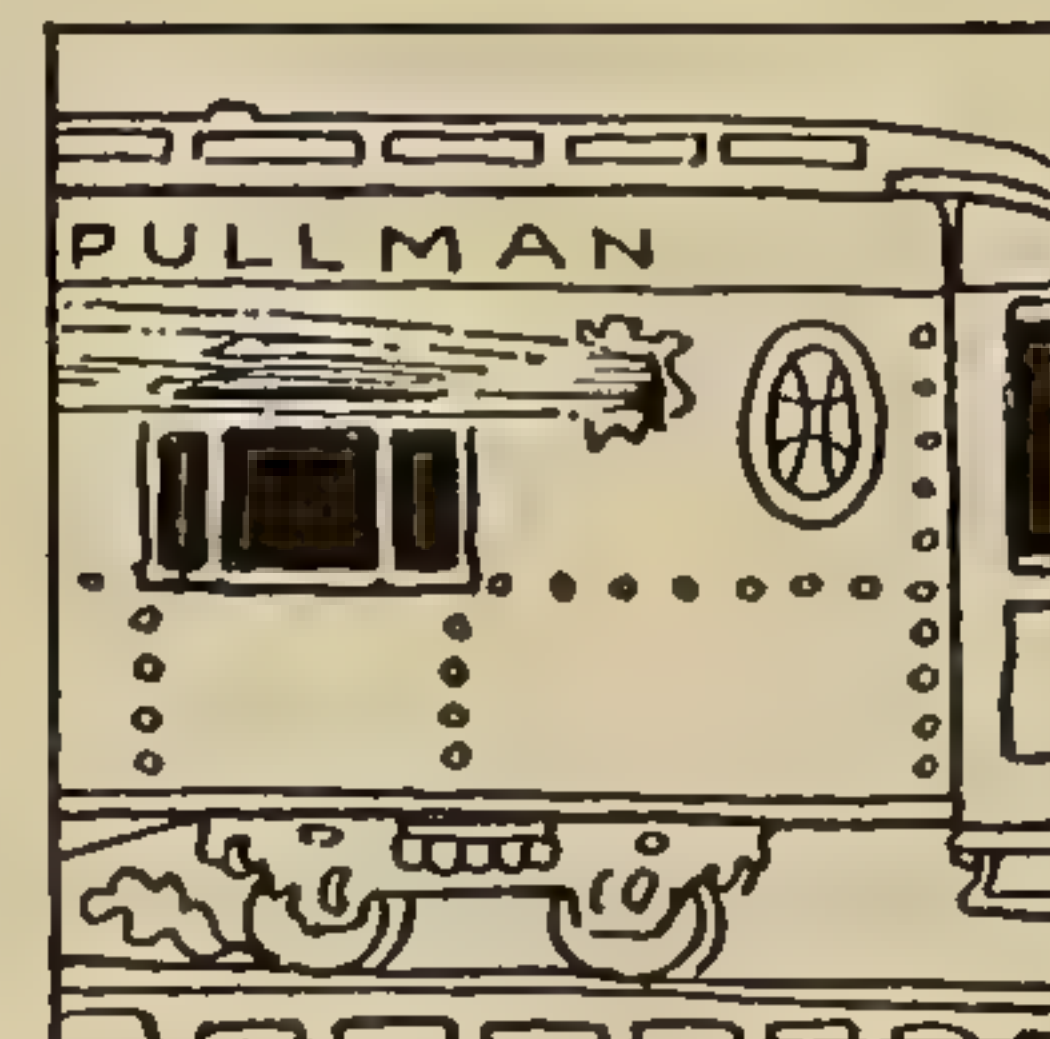
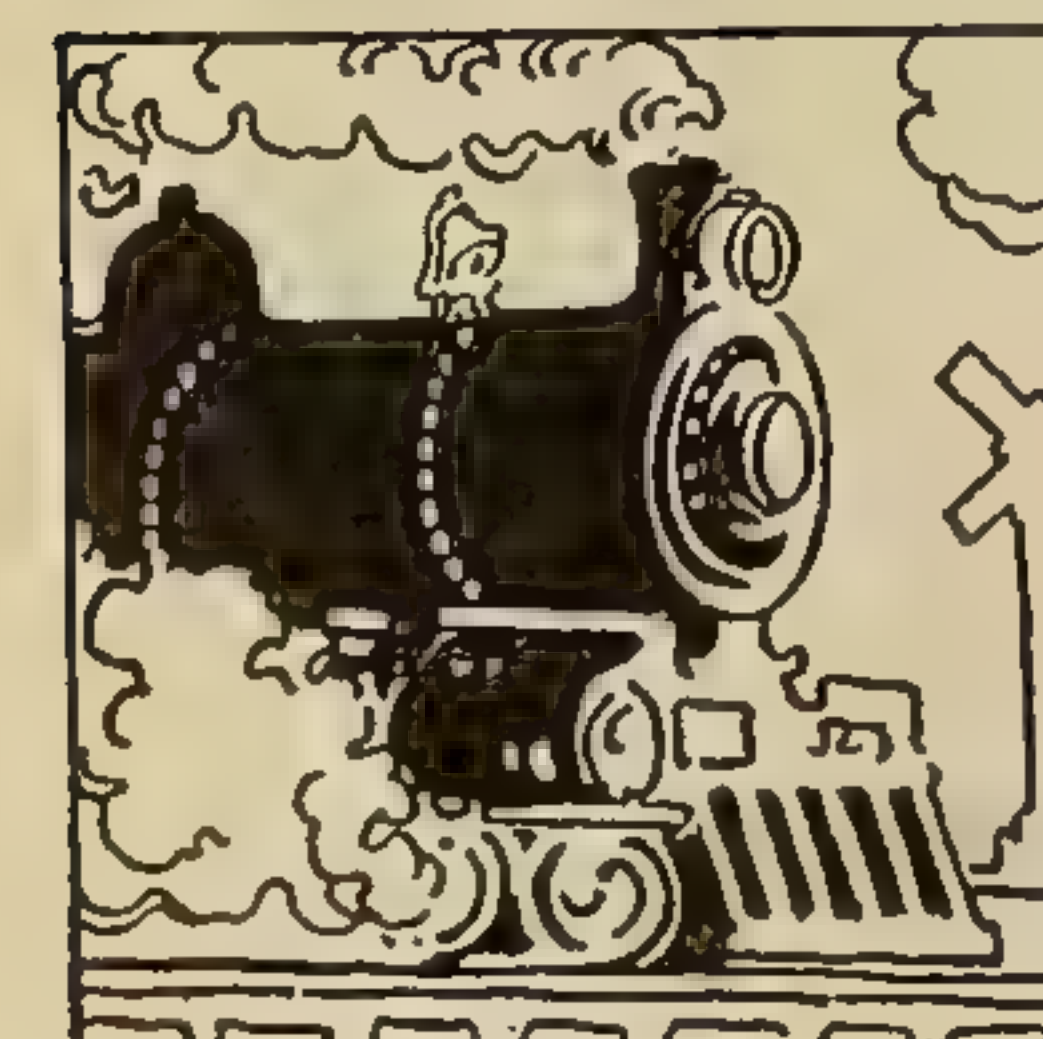
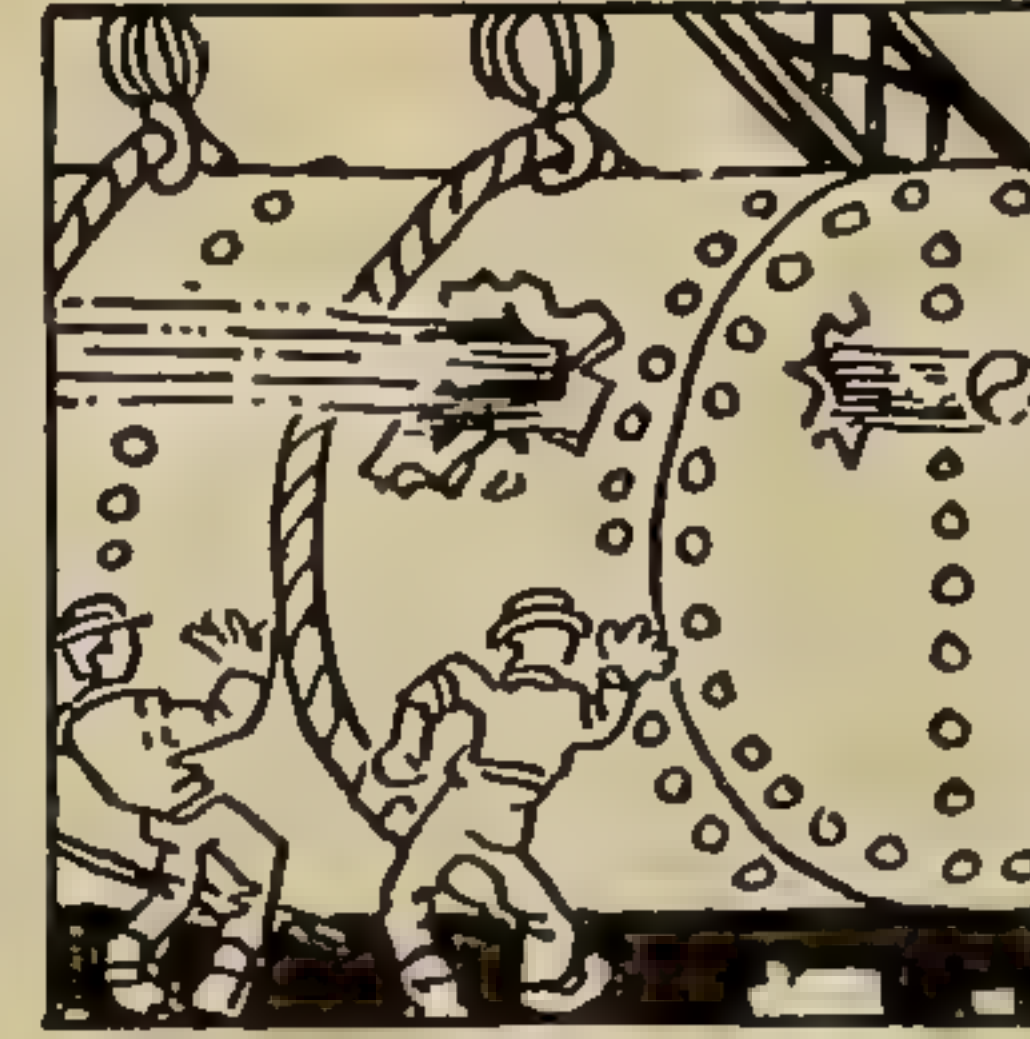
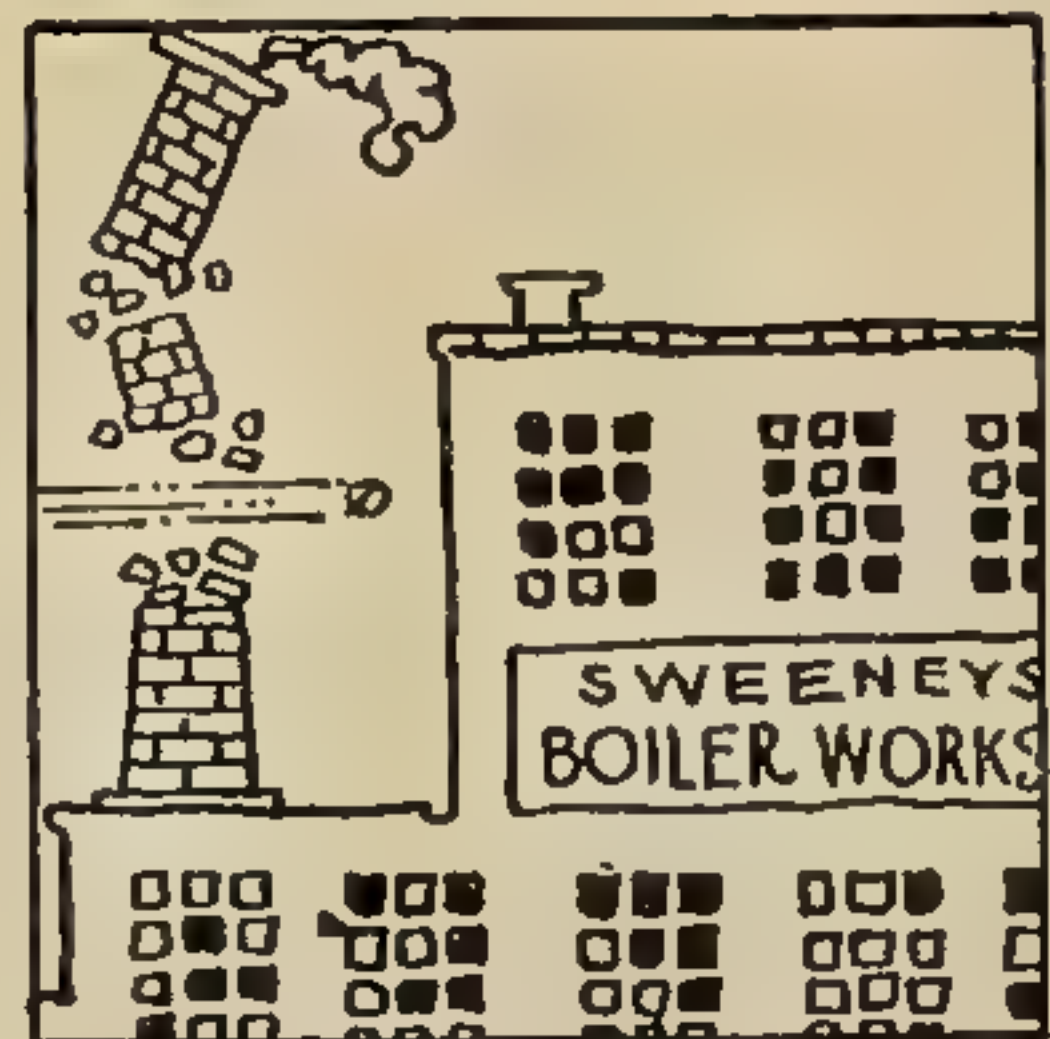
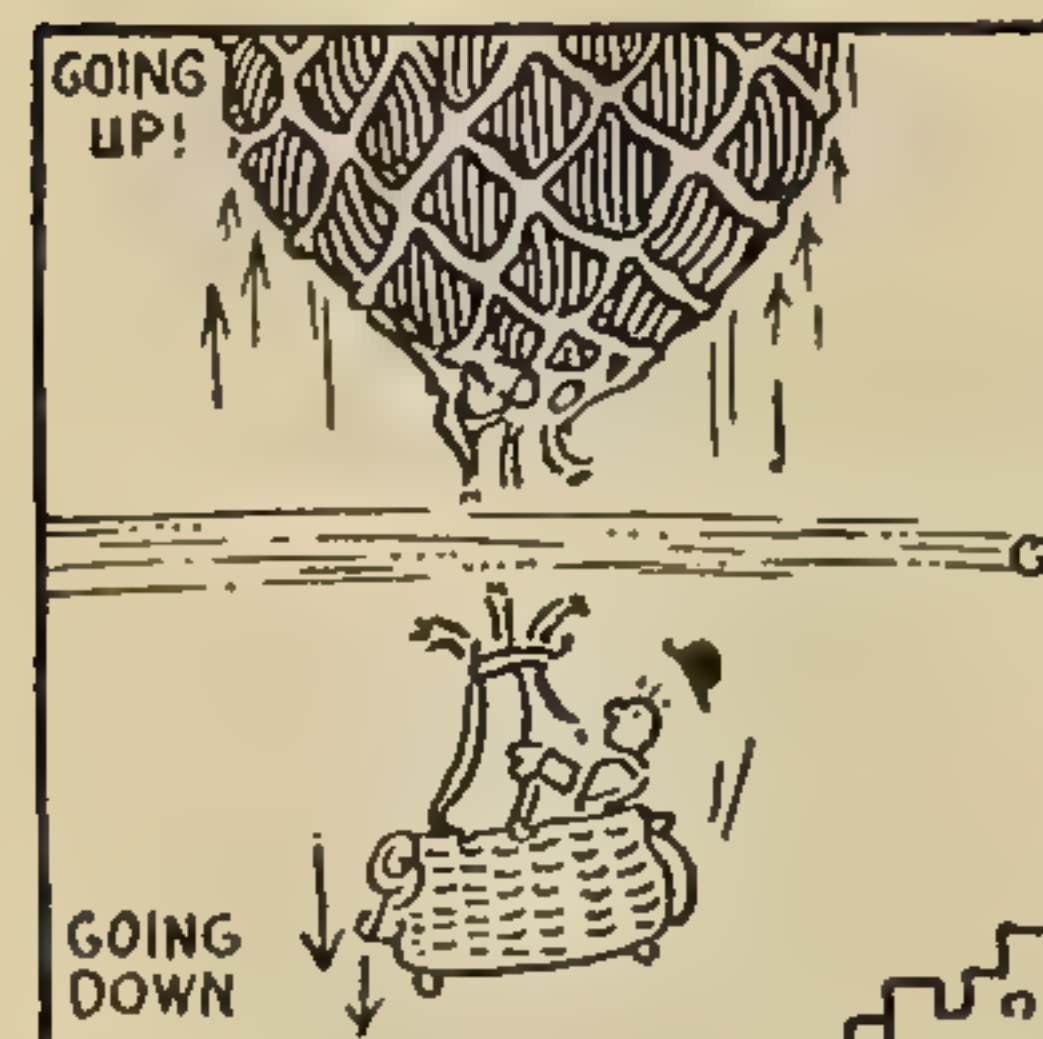
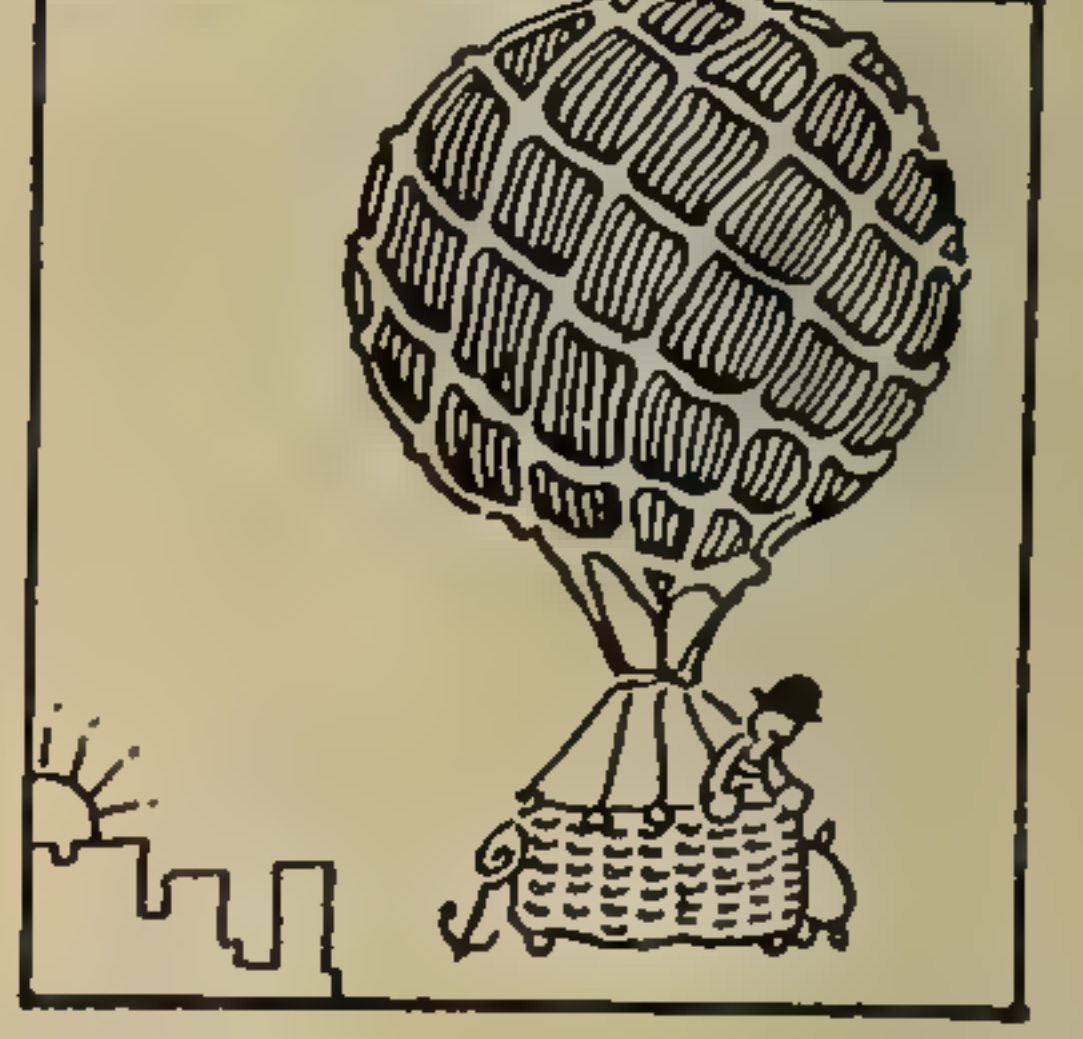
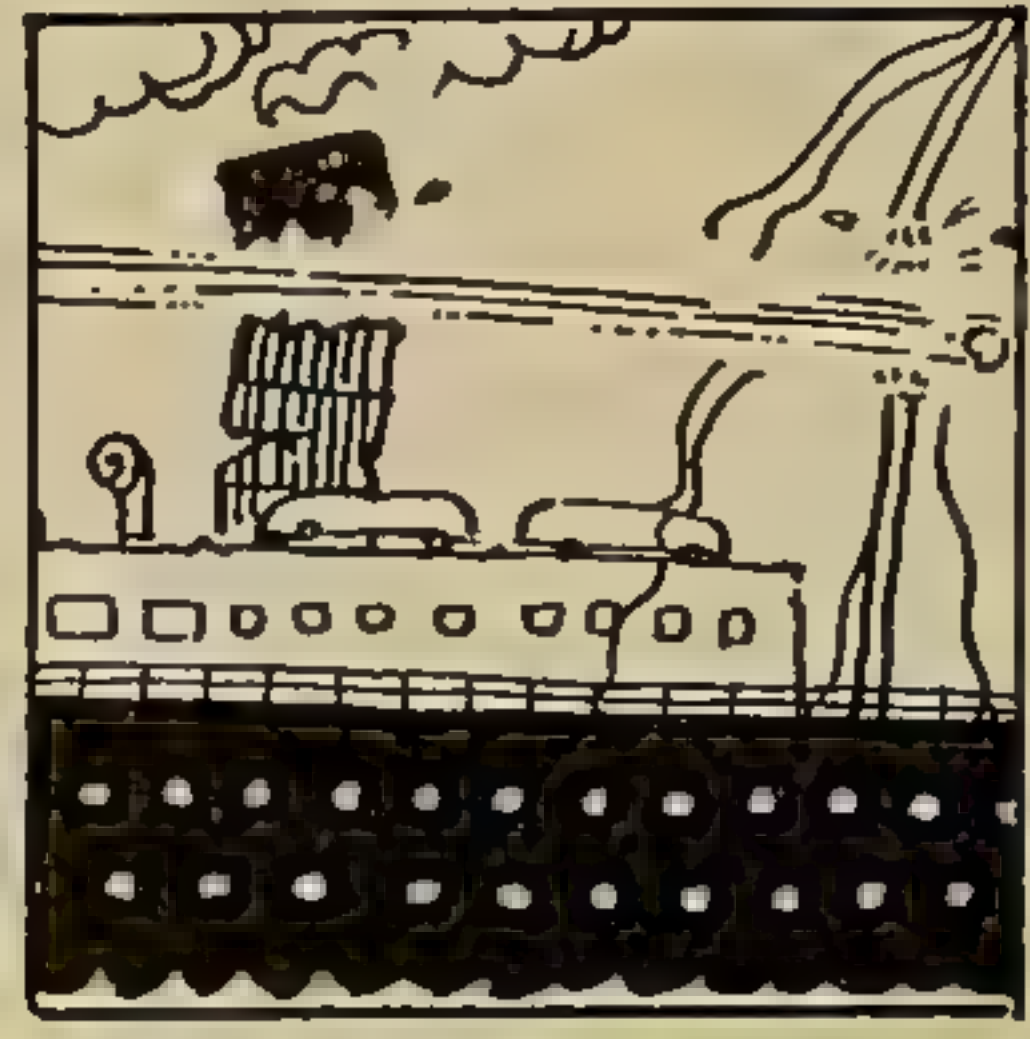
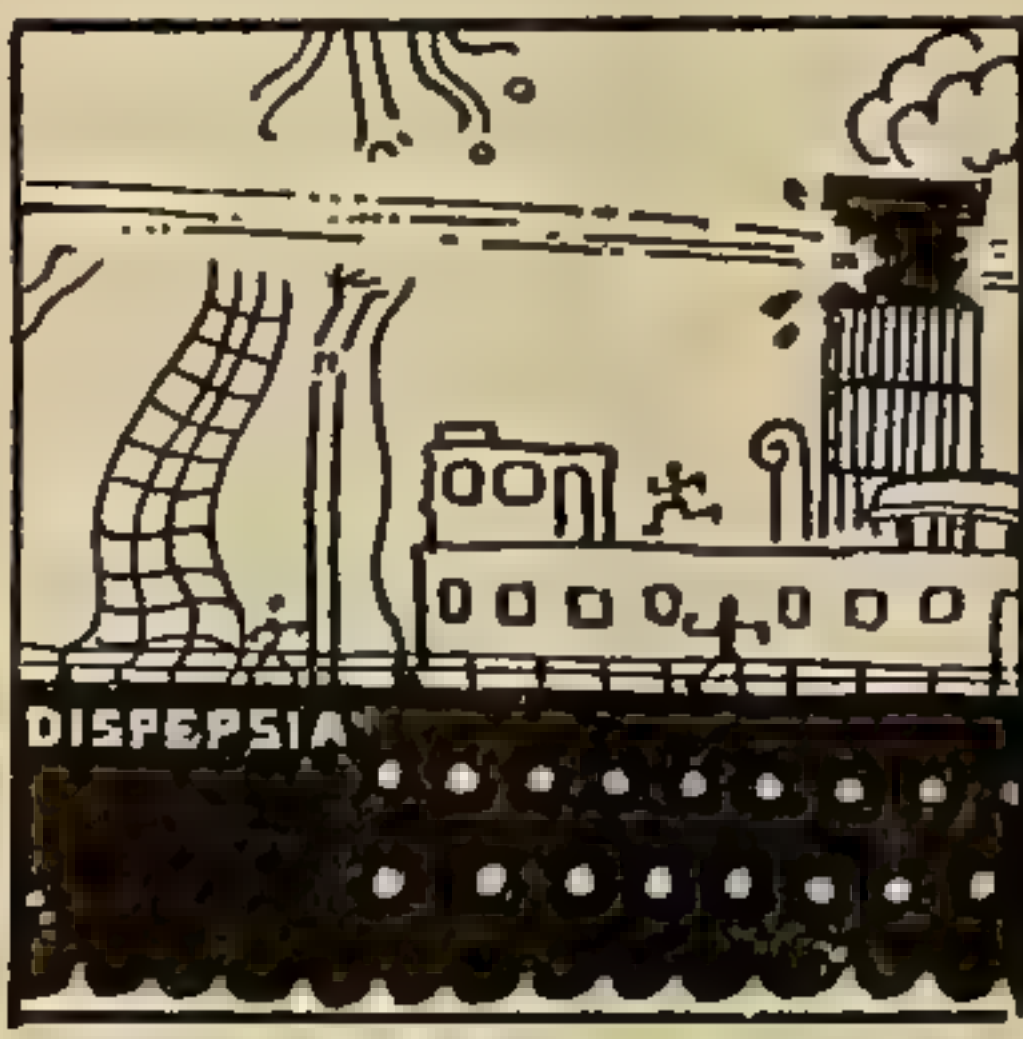
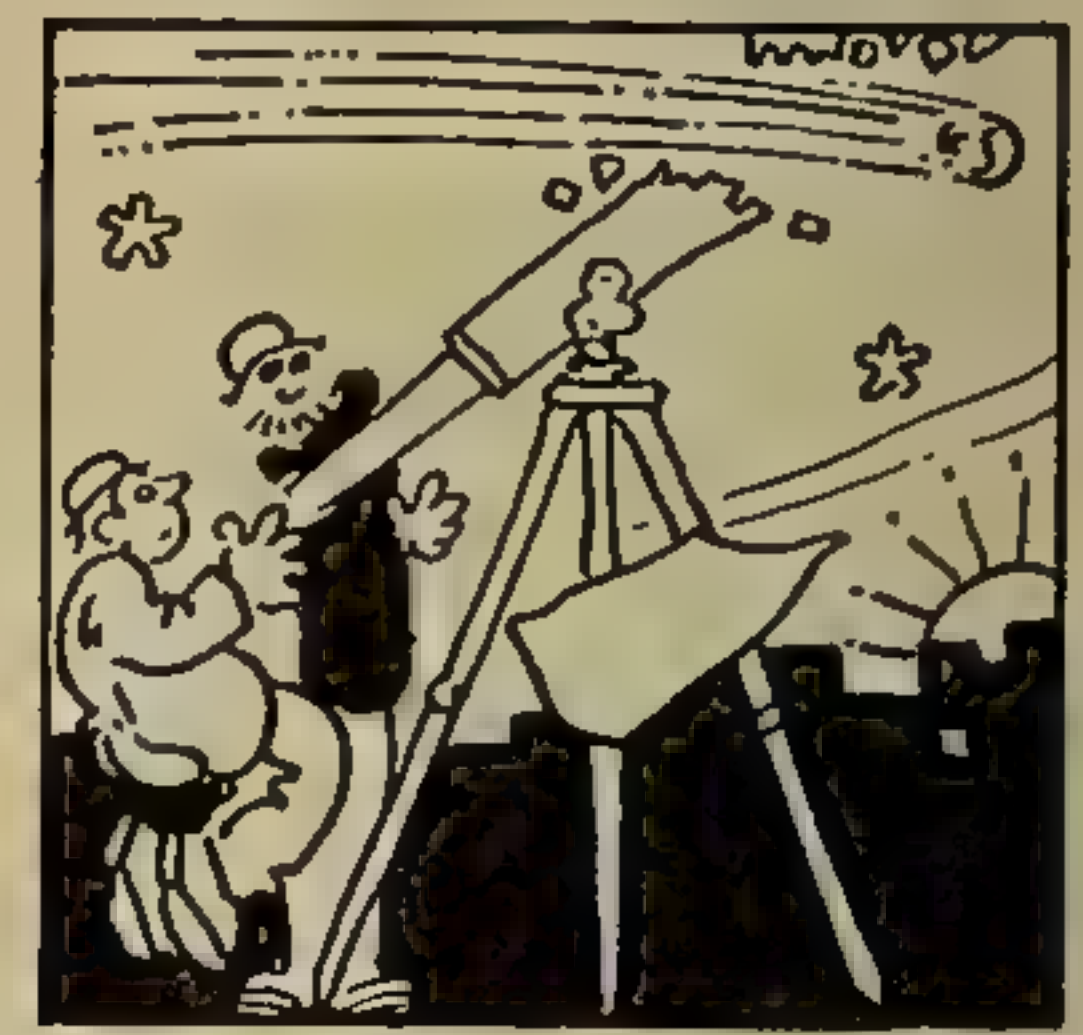
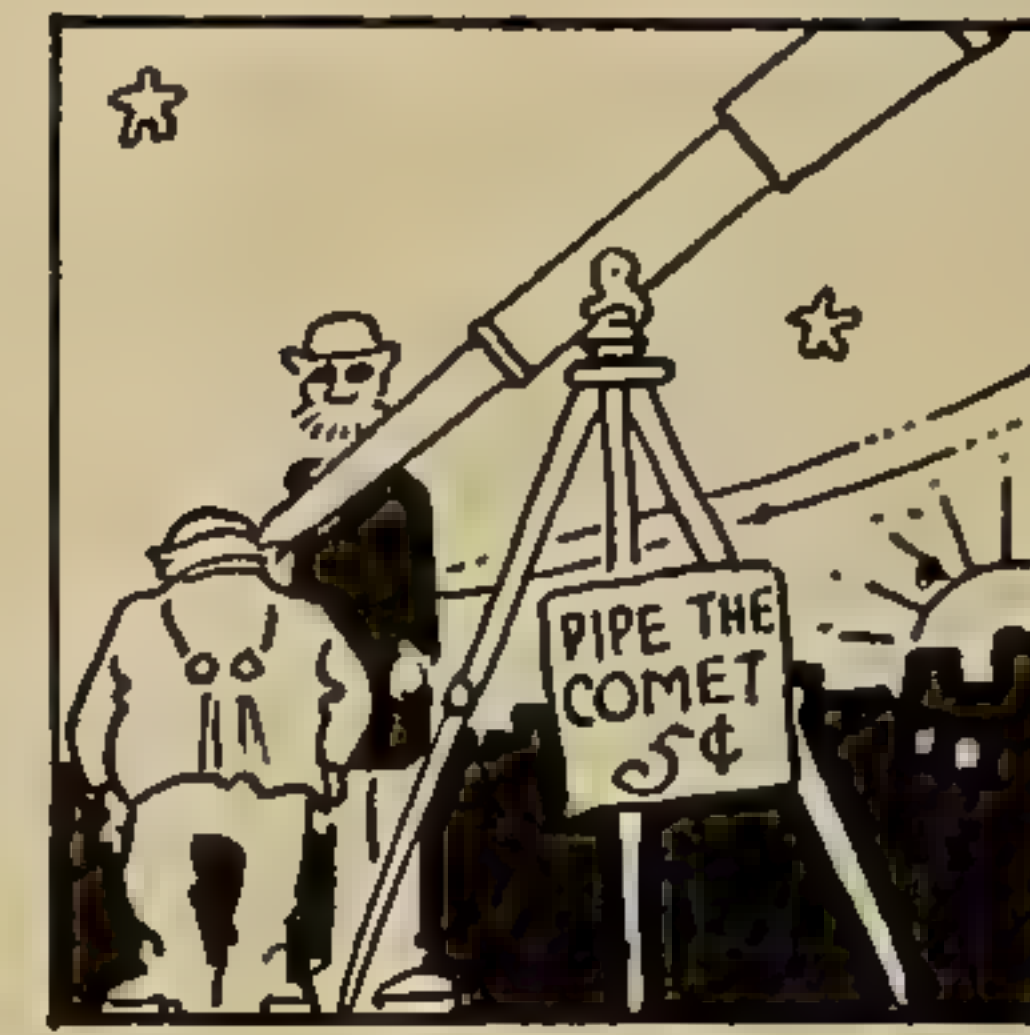
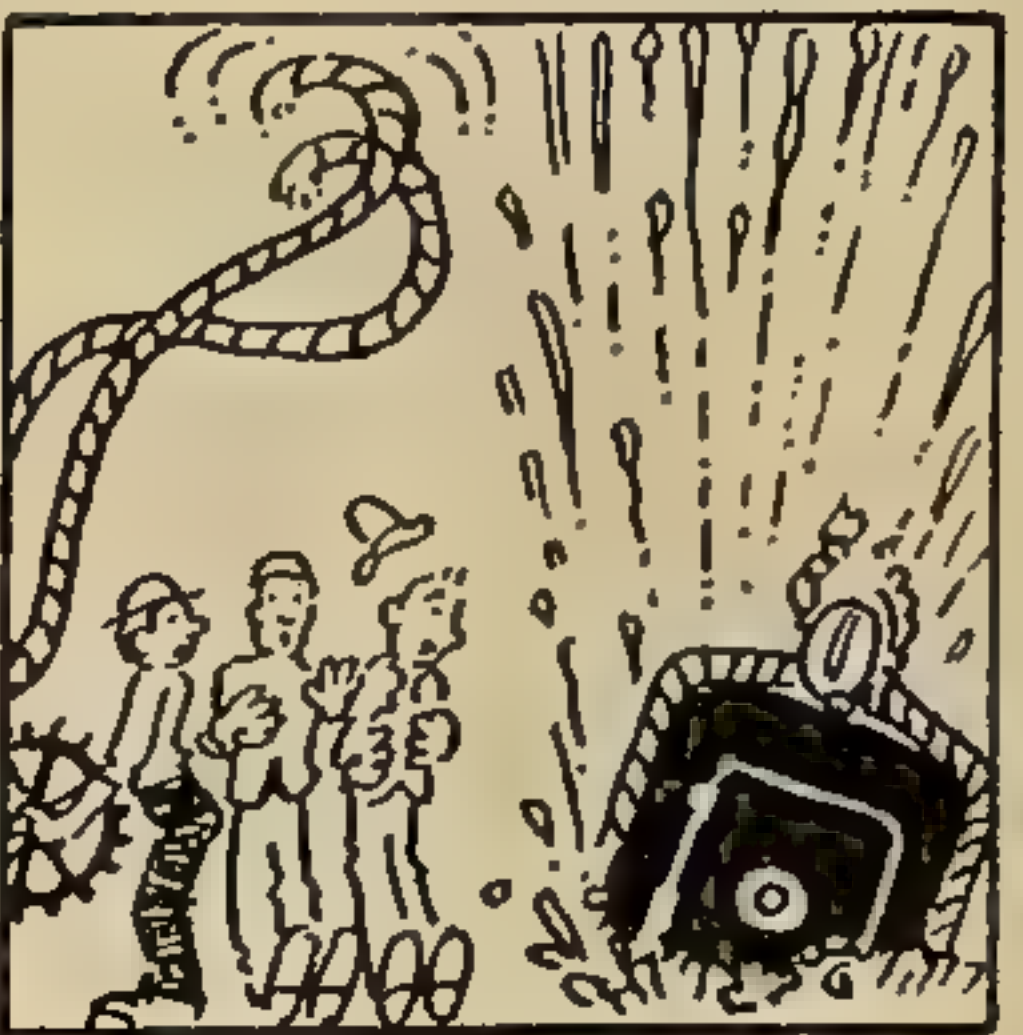
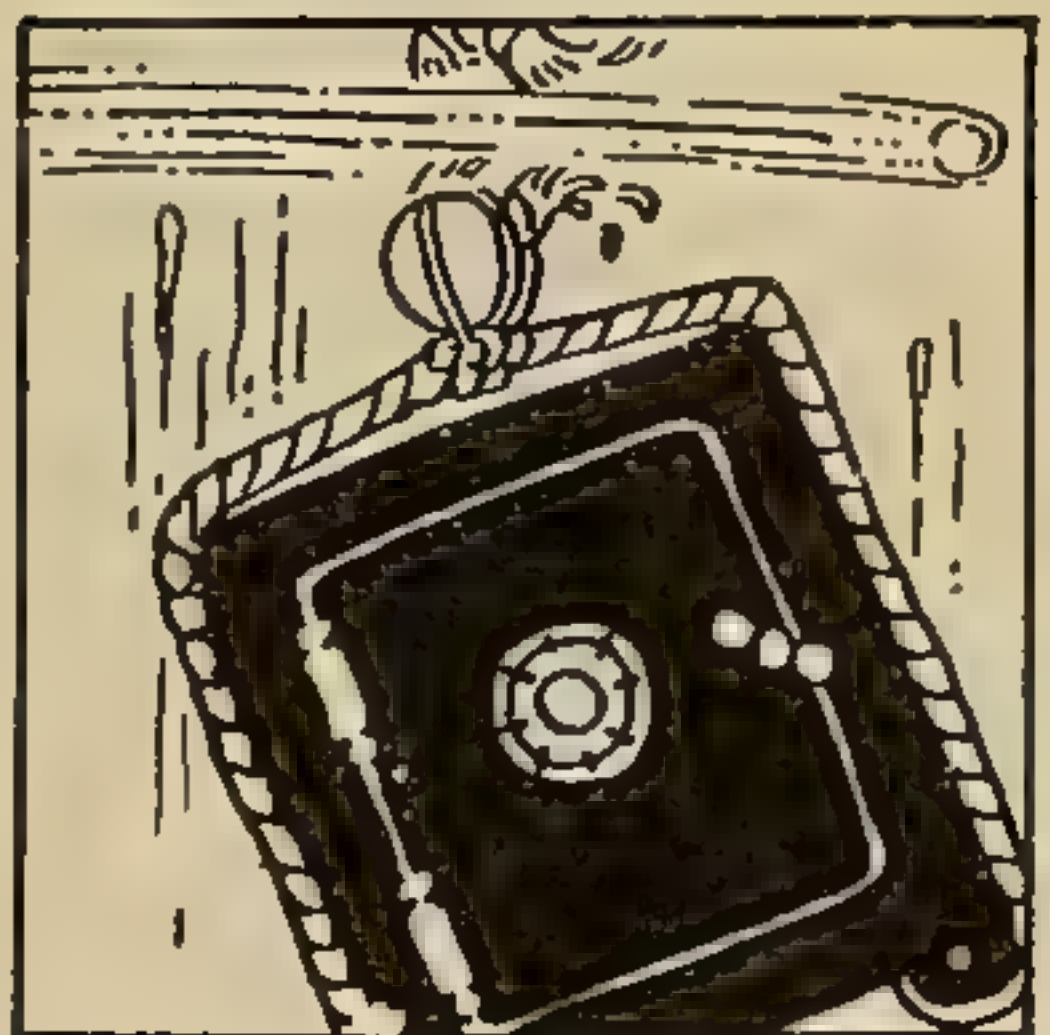
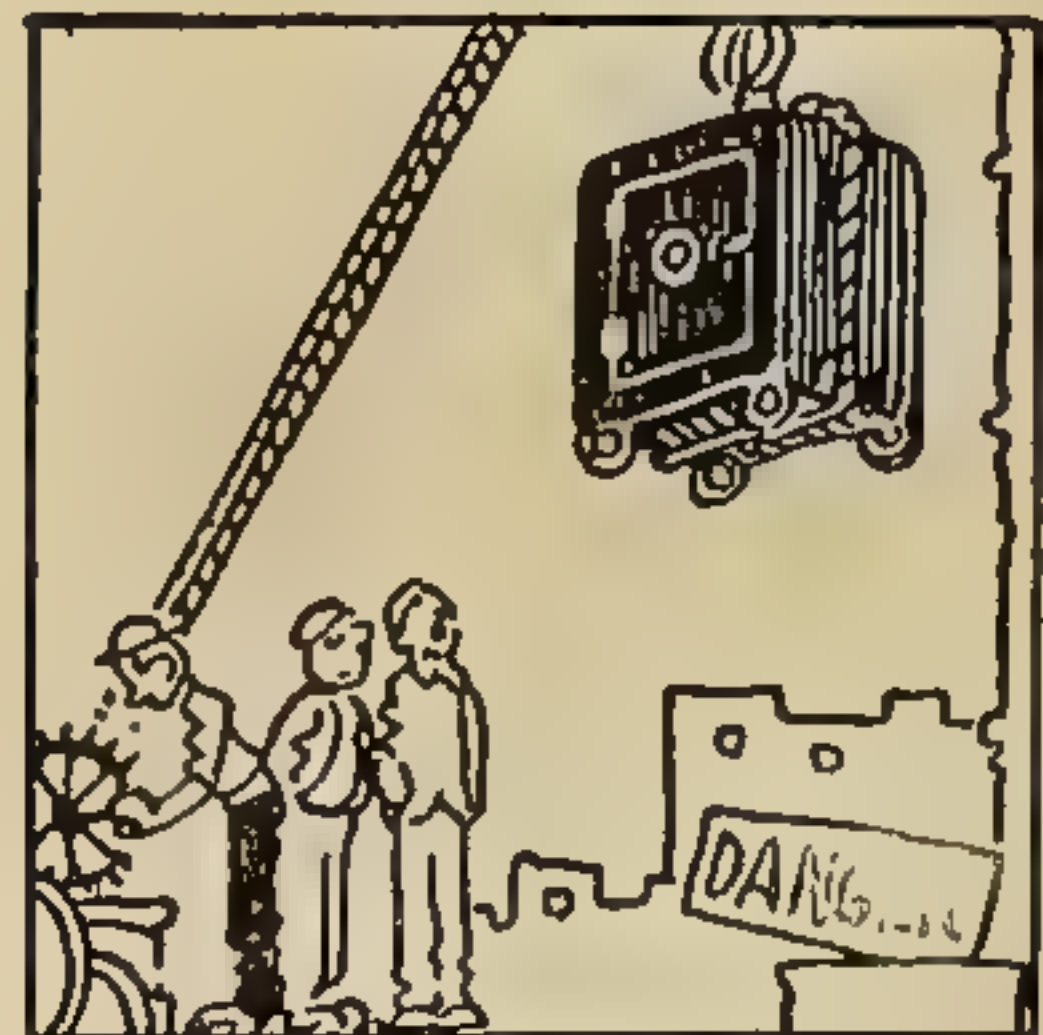
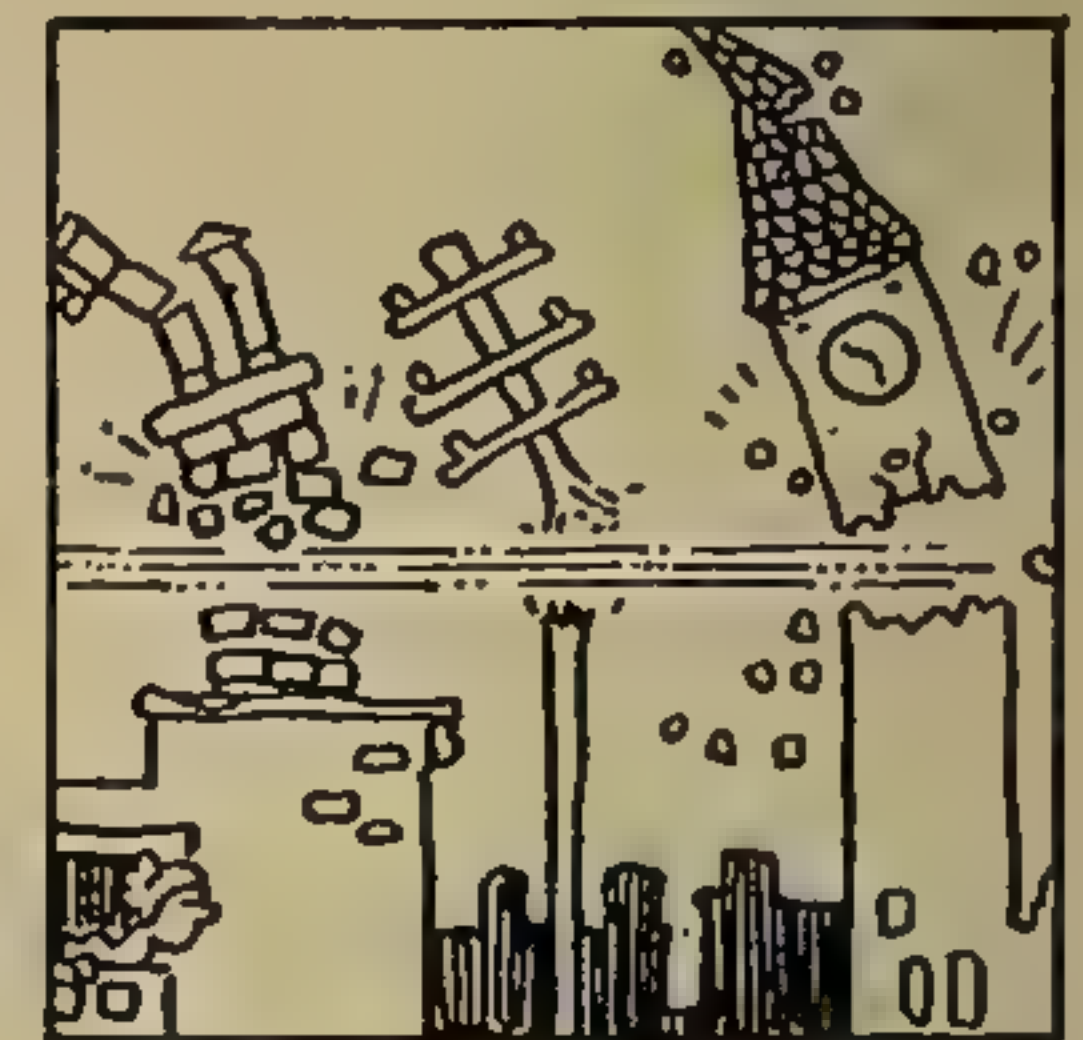
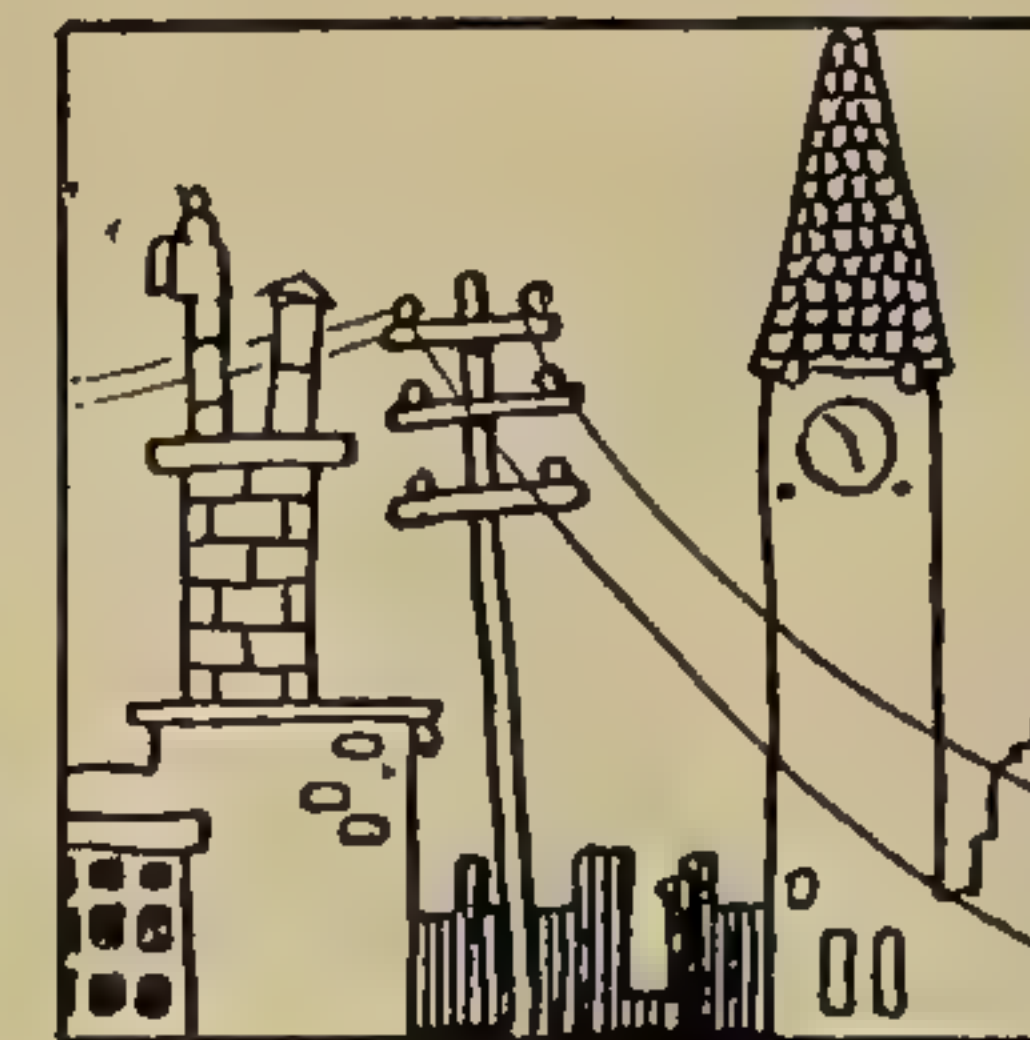
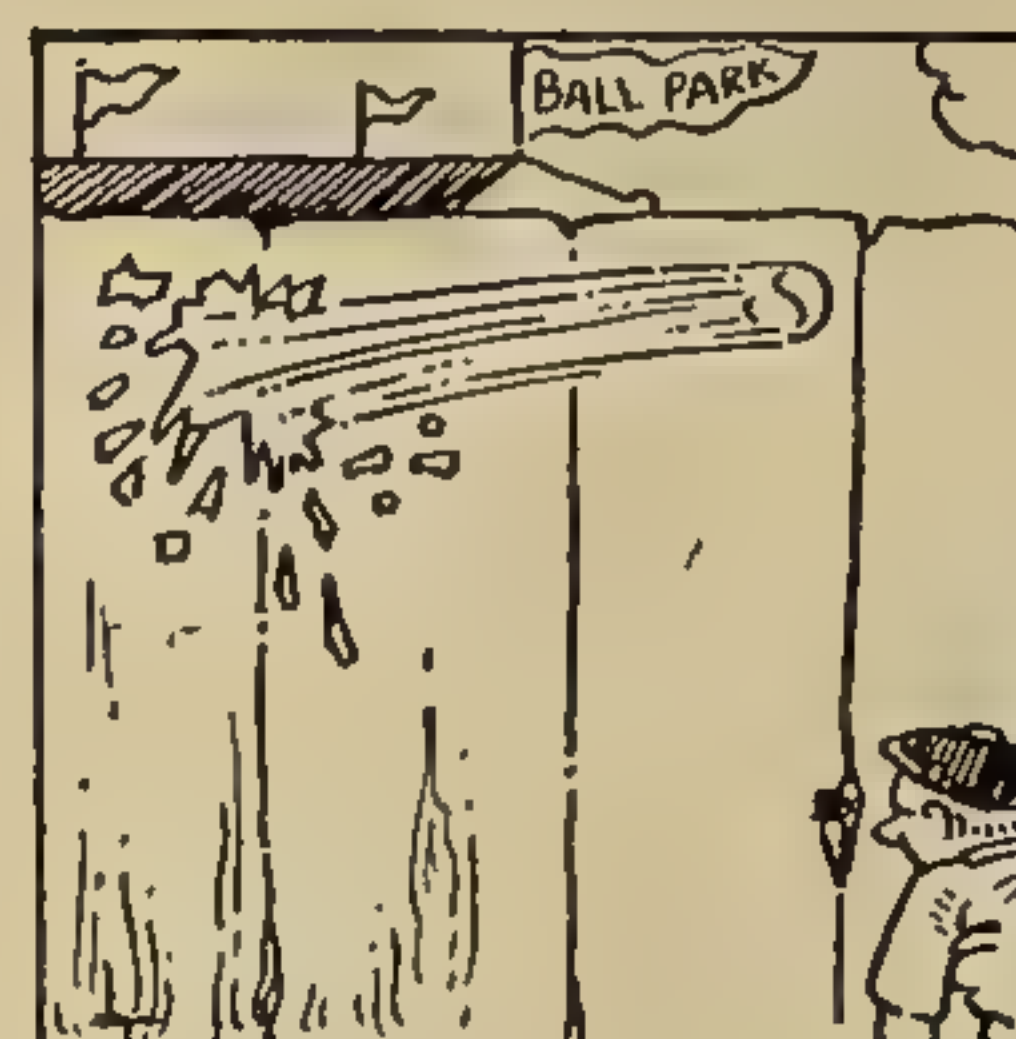
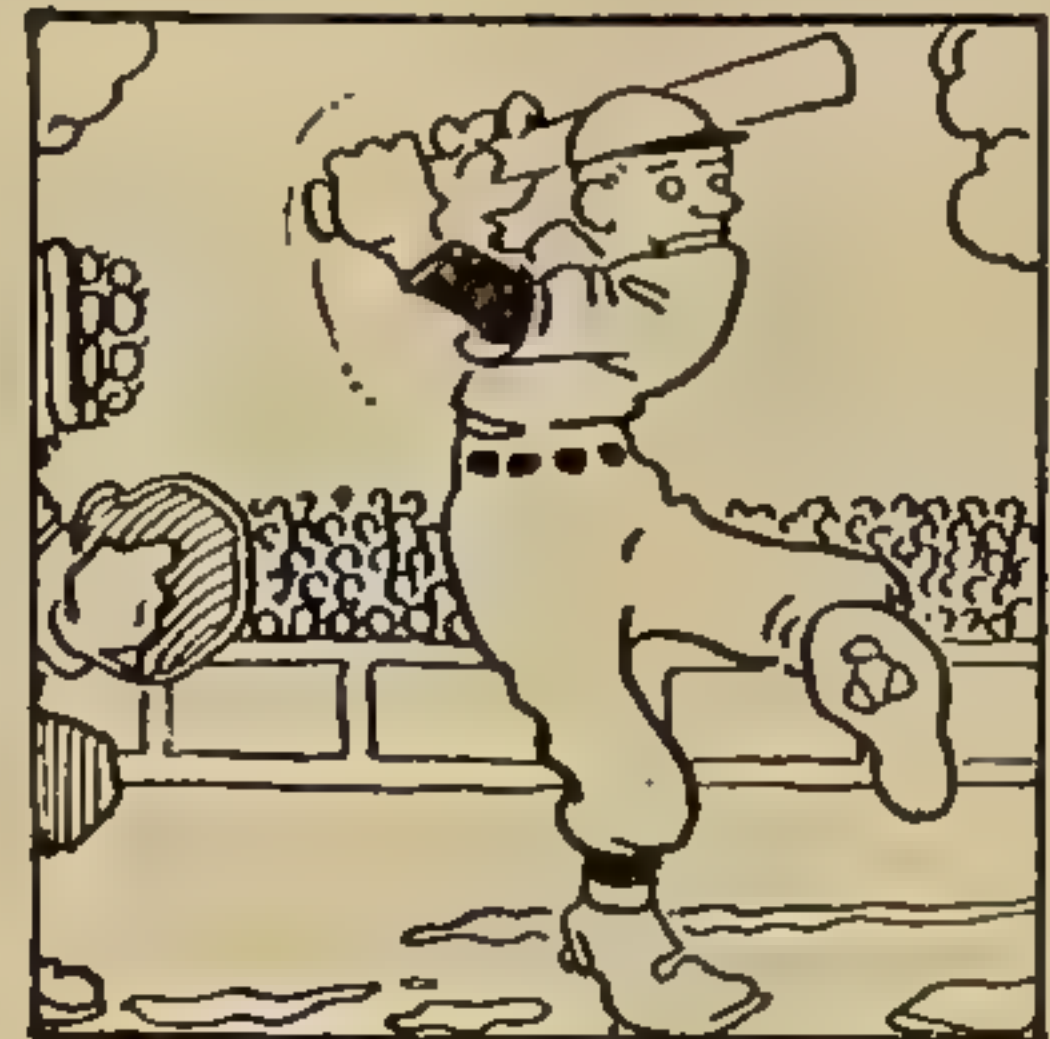
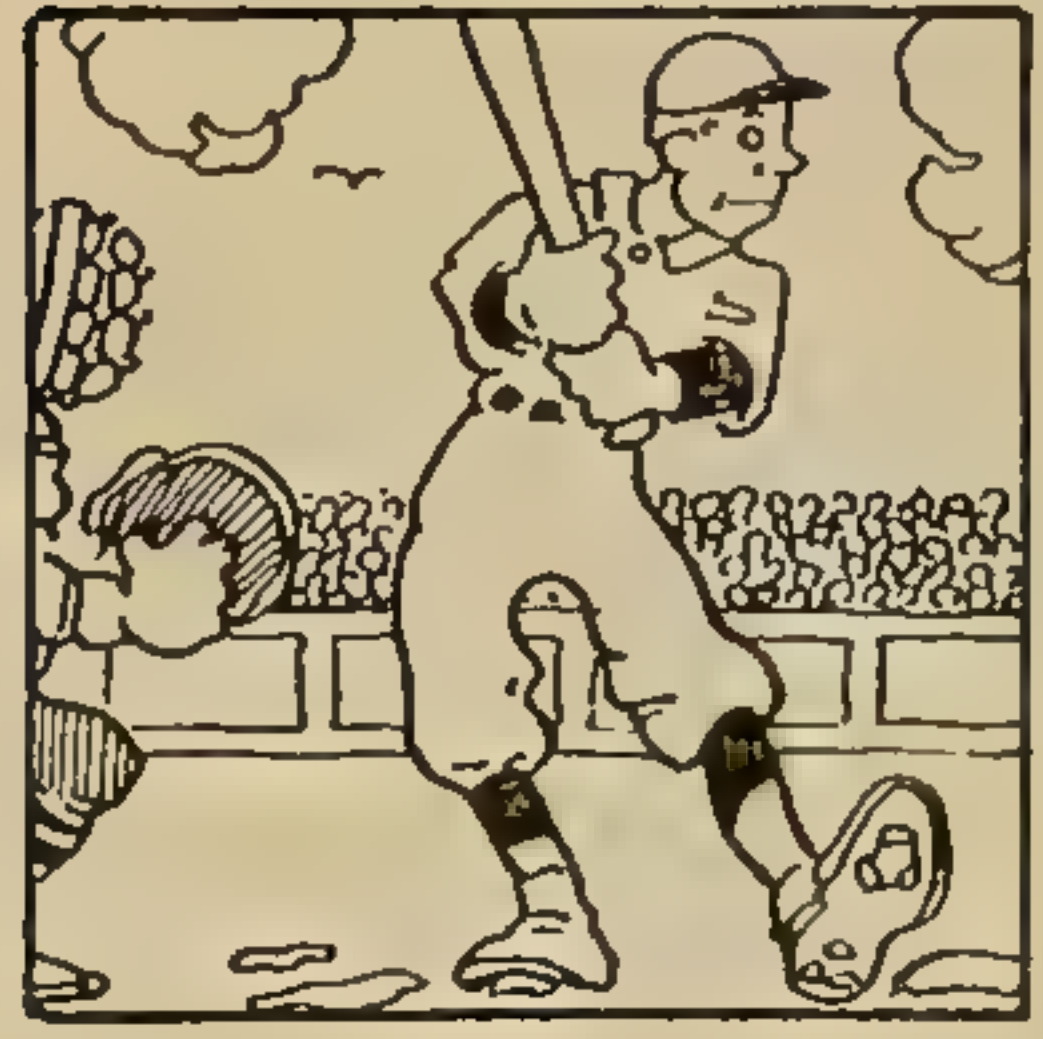
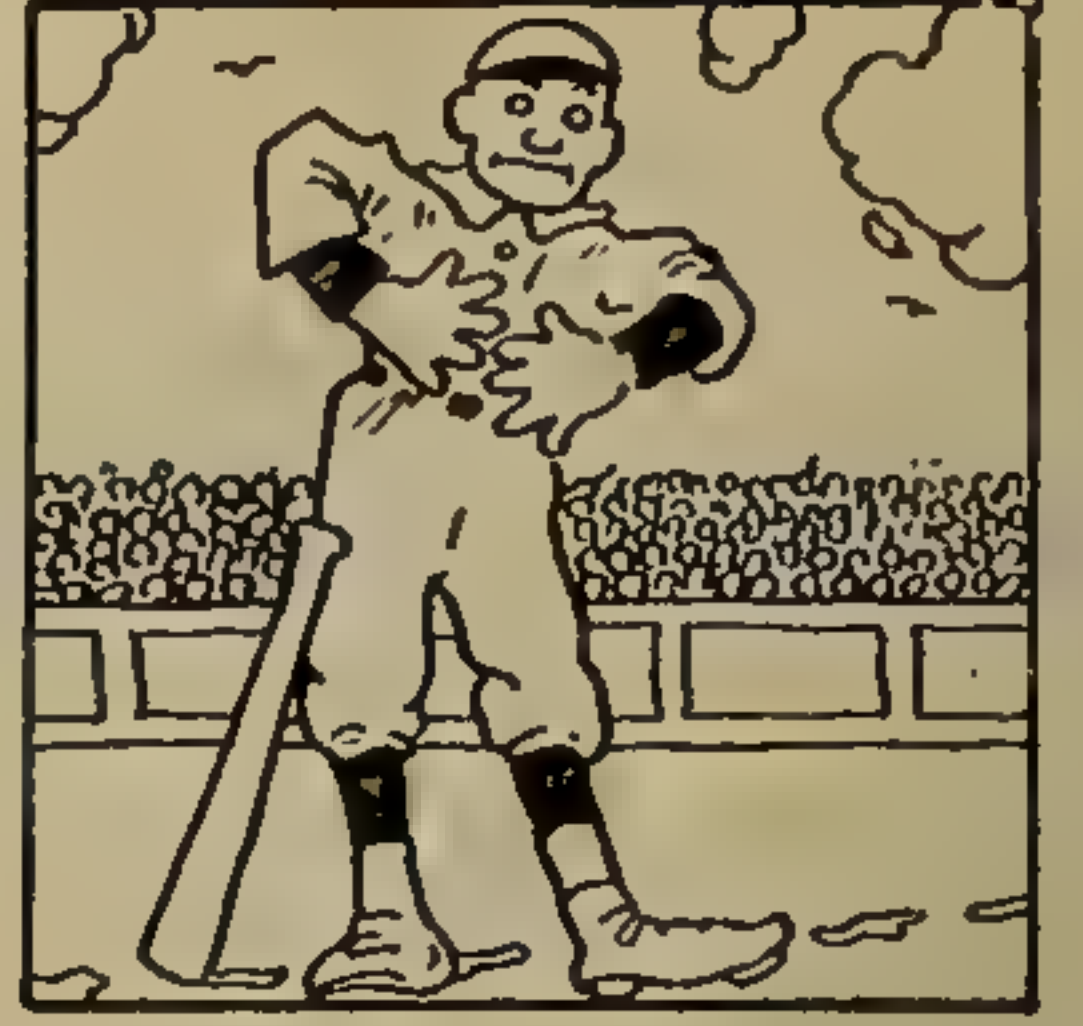
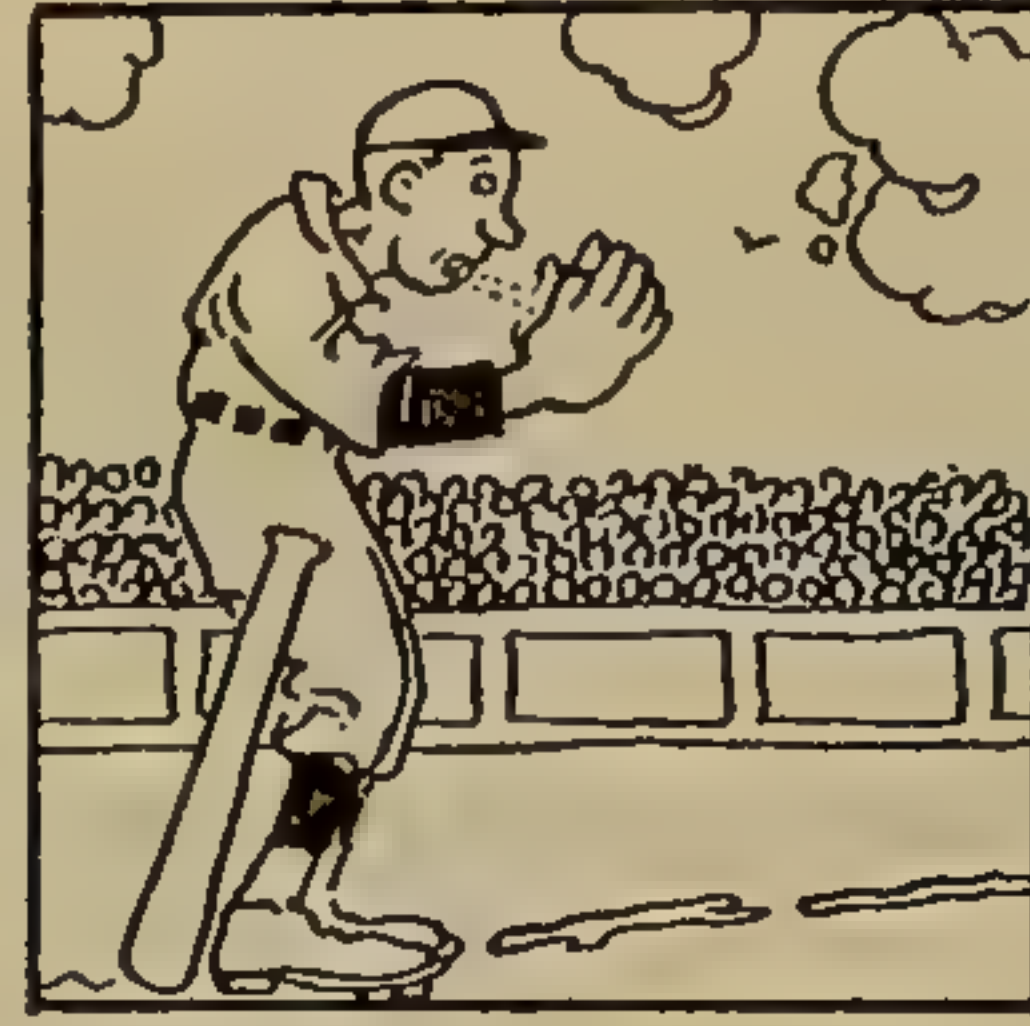
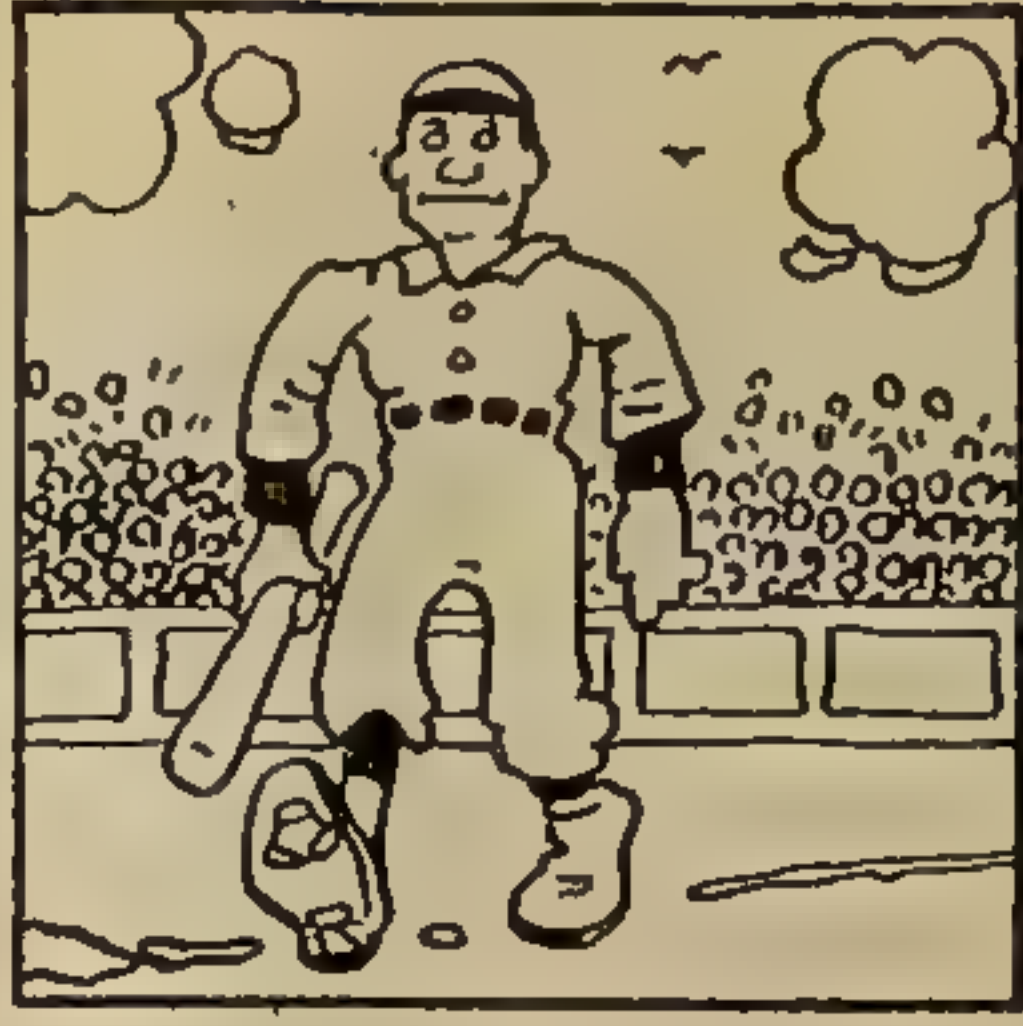
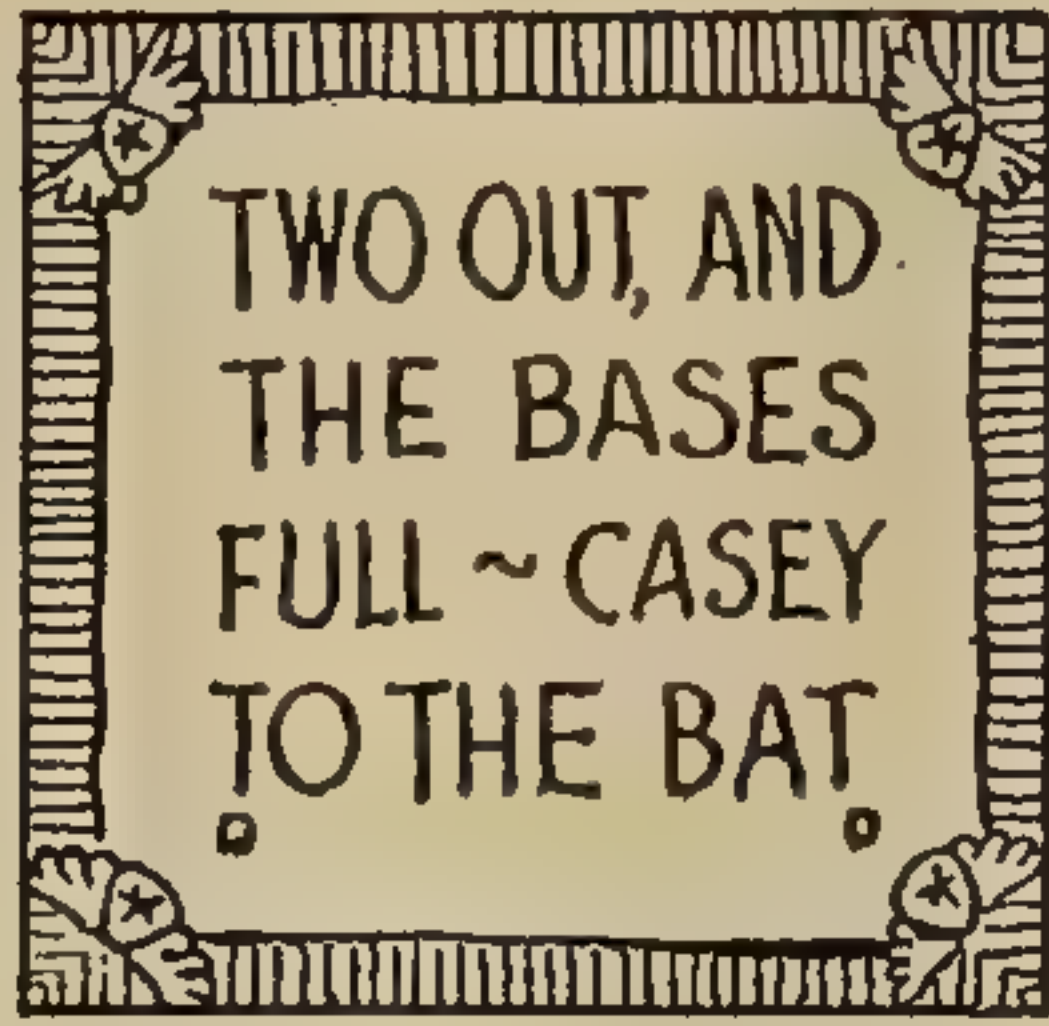
5. The station master and mammy draw Buck to safety with the aid of a handy windlass.



6. Violet is safe, thanks to Buck, and here are Steve and the other bandits all treed by the sheriff.



# Movies From Film Fun's Screen



"A Record Hit"; or, When the Mighty Casey Did Not Strike Out





WORLD

### THE PROPERTY MAN'S DREAM

#### A Movie Marvel

*Dinks*—I notice Binks spends all his spare time at the pictures since his wife became a movie actress.

*Jinks*—Yes; he thinks it's perfectly wonderful to see her carrying on for two mortal hours and never hear a word out of her.

#### No Desk Job

*Physician*—You need more exercise.

*Patient*—You're crazy! Why, I am the hero of a motion picture serial.

#### The Limit

"There is no such word as impossible," remarked the person fond of platitudes.

"Oh, yes, there is," responded the other. "It is impossible to imagine William S. Hart as a chorus man."

#### Alike

"Did you see that movie comedy to-night?"

"Yes, and also every week for the past two years."

#### All Caught by the Craze

*Jimmie* (extra)—Come on, Johnnie! De director wants us to finish dat fillum to-day.

*Johnnie* (child movie marvel)—Aw, go tell him I can't spare de time. I gotta write de nex' chapter in me otter-bography for a movie mag.

#### Strange

*She*—My sister is a character woman in the movies. She always takes the part of the village gossip.

*He*—In the silent drama?

#### Their Status

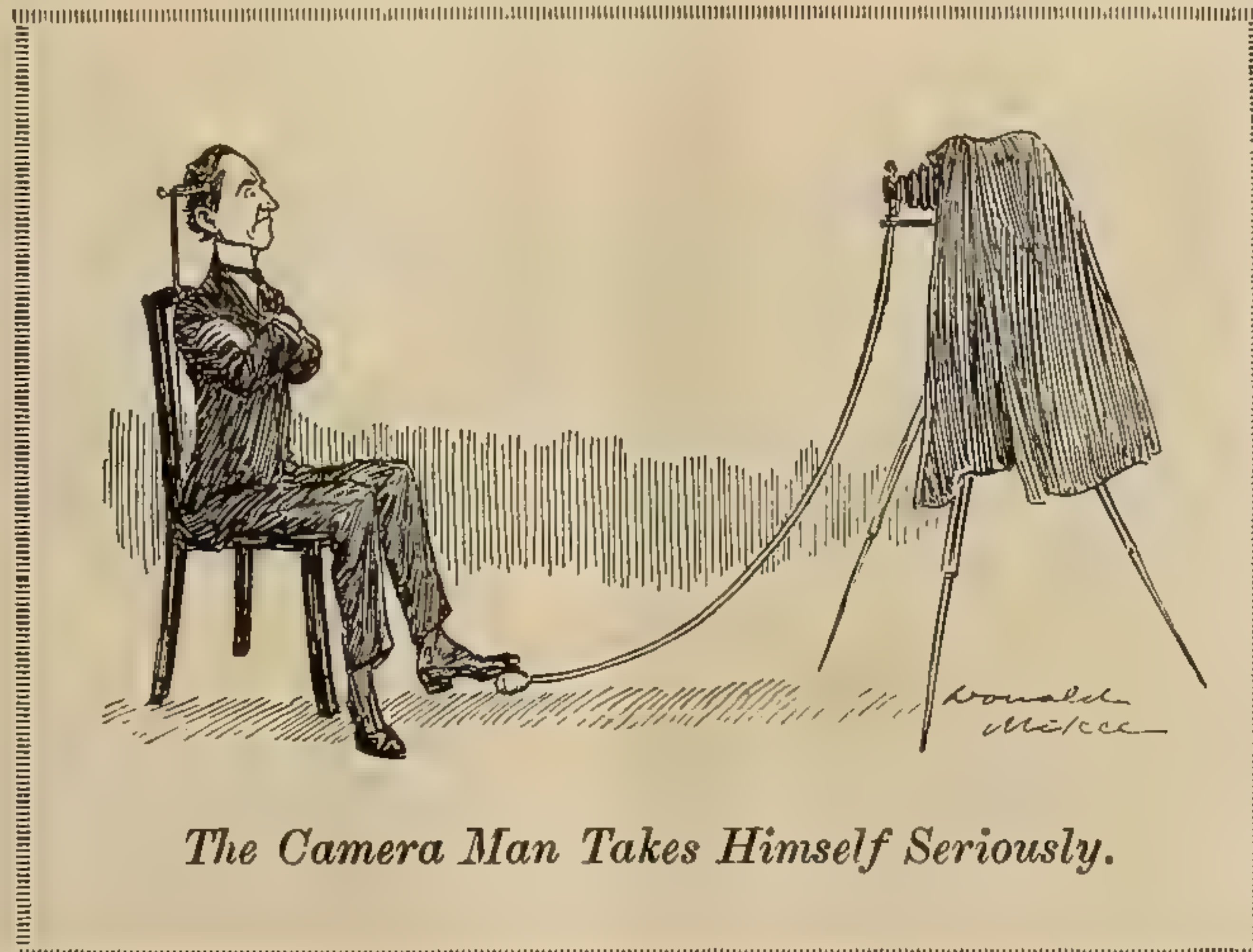
*Friend*—Are you the author of that picture?

*Photoplaywright*—Well, I am of the scenario; but the director is author of the film.

#### Assuring a Future

*Flora*—What line of training would you advise me to take up to assure my success as an emotional actress in the movies?

*Fauna*—Deep breathing exercises!



*The Camera Man Takes Himself Seriously.*





SELECT

NORMA TALMADGE

*A picture you may look at as long as you like is sometimes better than a moving picture.  
This is one of the times.*

## The Moving Picture Fan

WITH face expressive of delight,  
The moving picture fan  
Seeks out his special place each night.  
The moving picture fan  
Has got the habit! No mistake!  
A habit naught on earth can break!  
He'll stare until his eyeballs ache—  
The moving picture fan!

He's seated when the show begins—  
The moving picture fan!  
At one-reel comedies he grins—  
The moving picture fan!  
Hearst-Pathe Weekly holds him fast;  
The special feature, all-star cast,  
Enthralls him from the first to last—  
The moving picture fan!

But hark to what I tell about  
The moving picture fan!  
He's wise, so you need never doubt  
The moving picture fan!  
A little lady, sweet and shy,  
With clinging hand and soulful eye,  
Is always sitting close up by  
The moving picture fan!

—Harold Seton.

### In the Air

*Caller*—What film company are you with now?

*Movie Actor*—I don't know. I haven't heard yet what to-day's merger rumors are.

### Horror's

*Returned Soldier*—I tell you, war is awful!

*His Sweetheart*—It certainly is. For a time the motion picture theaters were closed one day a week.



# Such Liberties as These Movie Folks Take!

1. Old-timers! Look to the right and see what Ben Turpin does with your favorite "mother and chee-ild" scene!



2. And in the picture below, how he lays flippant hands upon one of the most sacred traditions of melodrama—the railroad rescue.



3. We do not know whether this is Eliza about to cross on the ice, or whether it is a despairing plunge into a watery grave. But if the latter, Ben and Heinie contemplate a painless rescue, having made a hammock out of the nearest wave.



4. And this too, some terror, the old saw-mill from "Blue Jeans," evokes but a mild and slightly bored interest from the lady. Oh, stage, where are thy thrills?



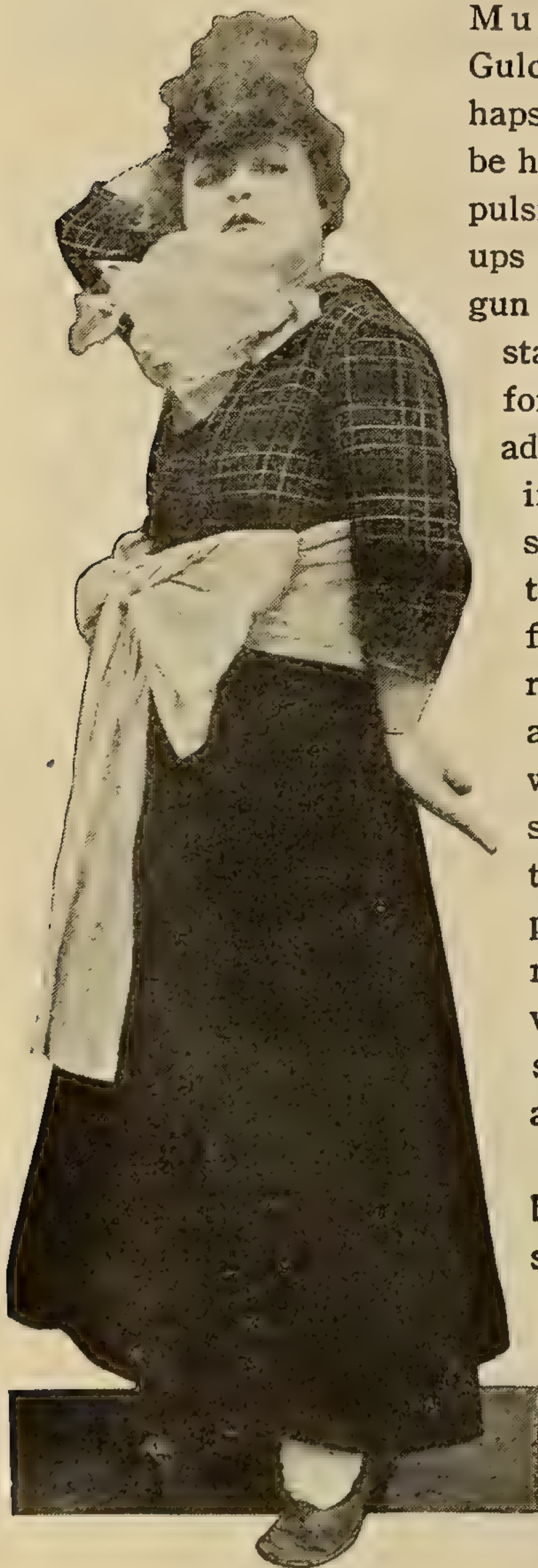
## The Unwild West

NOW that the movies are to be "dry"—and we know that they are, because Prohibition extends to pictured rum as well as to the real alcoholic article—what is to become of the wild Western film play? Here we find dives, low-down haunts of desperados and fugitives from justice. Prospectors from Nome hobnob with road agents on their day off. And always, and invariably, with glasses and bottles between them. Where is the plot hatched to rob the coach? In the tough frontier saloon. Where does the gun fight start over the girl? In the same. Like Damon and Pythias, they have been one and inseparable. Is prohibition to dissolve the congenial partnership? It looks so.

And what is to be the consequence? What are movie patrons who like their West wild and brutal to see in substitution? Perhaps we shall have such locations as the

Tea Room of Murderer's Gulch. Perhaps there will be hideously repulsive close-ups of a two-gun bad man, standing before an orange-ade cooler, scowling the while and forcing some trembling tenderfoot to drink with him. Hard-faced "extras" in cowboy rig will toss off sundaes at a gulp. Gamblers, flushed with a smile of fortune, will summon the crowd about them and open quarts of pasteurized but popless milk. Yea, it will be worth while to sit in at the picture shows of 1920 and thereafter.

Perhaps it is all for the best. The standards of screen art are rising; the realism of the screen, in the best pictures, is startling. It would be more than a lover of "beer and light wines" could endure if, thirsty himself, he suddenly saw upon the square of white a perfect "party" with all the trimmings. The elimination



Only a pretty woman would dare to dress like this. Alice Howell dares to dress like this. Alice Howell is a pretty woman.



### THE MOVIE VARIETY

Willie reads in his history that a certain king was "very fond of the chase." Being fond of "chase" pictures himself, this is Willie's idea of the royal enjoyment.

of alcohol from the screen; that, or a nation-wide Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Rummies.

### Ye Gods!

Can you imagine a photoplay depicting the life of Olympus, Home of the Gods, produced with the following cast?

- Jupiter*, All Highest of Olympus —Ben Turpin.
- Juno*, statuesque Queen of Heaven —Ann Pennington.
- Vulcan*, misshapen god of the forge —Harold Lockwood.
- Mercury*, light-footed messenger of the gods —Roscoe Arbuckle.
- Venus*, exquisite goddess of beauty —Polly Moran.
- Neptune*, bewhiskered keeper of the fishes —Jack Pickford.
- Minerva*, staid goddess of wisdom —Fay Tincher.
- Cupid*, chubby, dimpled little god of Love —Al St. John.



# Easter Reflections of Screen Stars



SELECT

BRADLEY PHOTO

*Norma Talmadge's popularity is due to "artifice, trick and device."*



PARAMOUNT-INCE

EVANS PHOTO

*Dorothy Dalton wants to quit vamping, she says; but how can we believe this of one who wears such artfully simple headgear.*



PATHE

EVANS PHOTO

*One of 52 varieties selected by Fannie Ward at the National Milliners' Annual Convention, 1919.*



PARAMOUNT

APEDA PHOTO

*Julia Faye choose hats that enhance her charm.*



SELECT

*Bond buyers, beware! "Marie, Ltd.," with Alice Brady giving demonstrations such as this, is dangerous. But almost any woman likes to be led into such temptation.*



SELECT

*Constance Talmadge believes in looking before—and after—and that one is all right who fights Fate with proper weapons—thus.*



"AND, in conclusion," said the movie man, "though you have interviewed many stars, your career is not complete until you have seen and interviewed Lizzie!"

I came to life with a jerk. Was there such a thing, I demanded, as a star named "Lizzie"? The name itself was frightfully intriguing. I had talked with Thedas, Wandas and Colleens; interviewed Ermininies, Glorias, Lilas and Mercedeses; but never in all my interviewial career had I come upon a star with such a "handle" in the temple of the silent art; lived with it, worked with it, saw it emblazoned on billboards—*LIZZIE!*

"I certainly want to meet her!" I said, with alacrity. "The sooner the quicker."

From the dim and cluttered recesses of the big room came a dismal creaking, a complaining screech and a grumbling rumble, and out into the light, propelled by the property man, came what looked to be a badly made chiffonier minus the mirror, or a crude cabinet put together hurriedly, with a set of drawers gaping widely like so many mouths, and on top a miscellany of humble and unlovely articles, old gloves, screw drivers, nails, assorted thumb tacks, a watering can and a bottle of glue.

"This," said the movie man, with a flourish, "is Lizzie!"

I stared, open-mouthed.

"But I thought you said Lizzie was a star!" I managed to articulate.

"Well, so I was!" came a rickety voice from the interior of the contraption. "I may not have been featured in the pictures, but just the same they couldn't have been made without me. I have worked in as many as five pictures at once, and that's more than any other star can say! And I never got fits of temperament, either, and refused to go on the set; I didn't mind working all night, and I didn't growl if the director sat on me—which is, again, more than any other star can say! And yet, in spite

# Lizzie, the Silent Star

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

This is a story of a piece of "movie" furniture, a veteran piece which has appeared with many of the best known stars. The Players' Club, in New York, cherishes relics of Edwin Booth. Who ventures to say that properties which have appeared with screen celebrities will not be as highly prized?—this chest of drawers, for instance, nicknamed by the screen-folk, Lizzie.

of my six years of steady service, I've never once been interviewed or had my picture in the paper! A rotten deal, I call it!"

And one of the half-open drawers shut with a vicious

snap. I rose nobly to the occasion and got out my notebook and fountain pen.

"The first thing to ask you," I said, in the businesslike tone which I use when interviewing celebrities, "is how do you like California?"

"I am a Native Daughter!" she said proudly. "I come of famous old Redwood stock; my ancestors pioneered in the forests of northern California, and I may say, without undue boasting, that I am a chip of the old block."

"Ah, yes," I assented politely. "And your first picture was"——

"The Squaw Man," she replied impressively. "That was Lasky's first production, 'way back in the year 1913, and it was my film debut. I may say that that picture *made* me; or, rather, that I was made for the picture. I carried guns and whiskey bottles for the bar-room scenes in my upper drawers, and tapestries and wall paper for the English manor scenes in my lower ones.

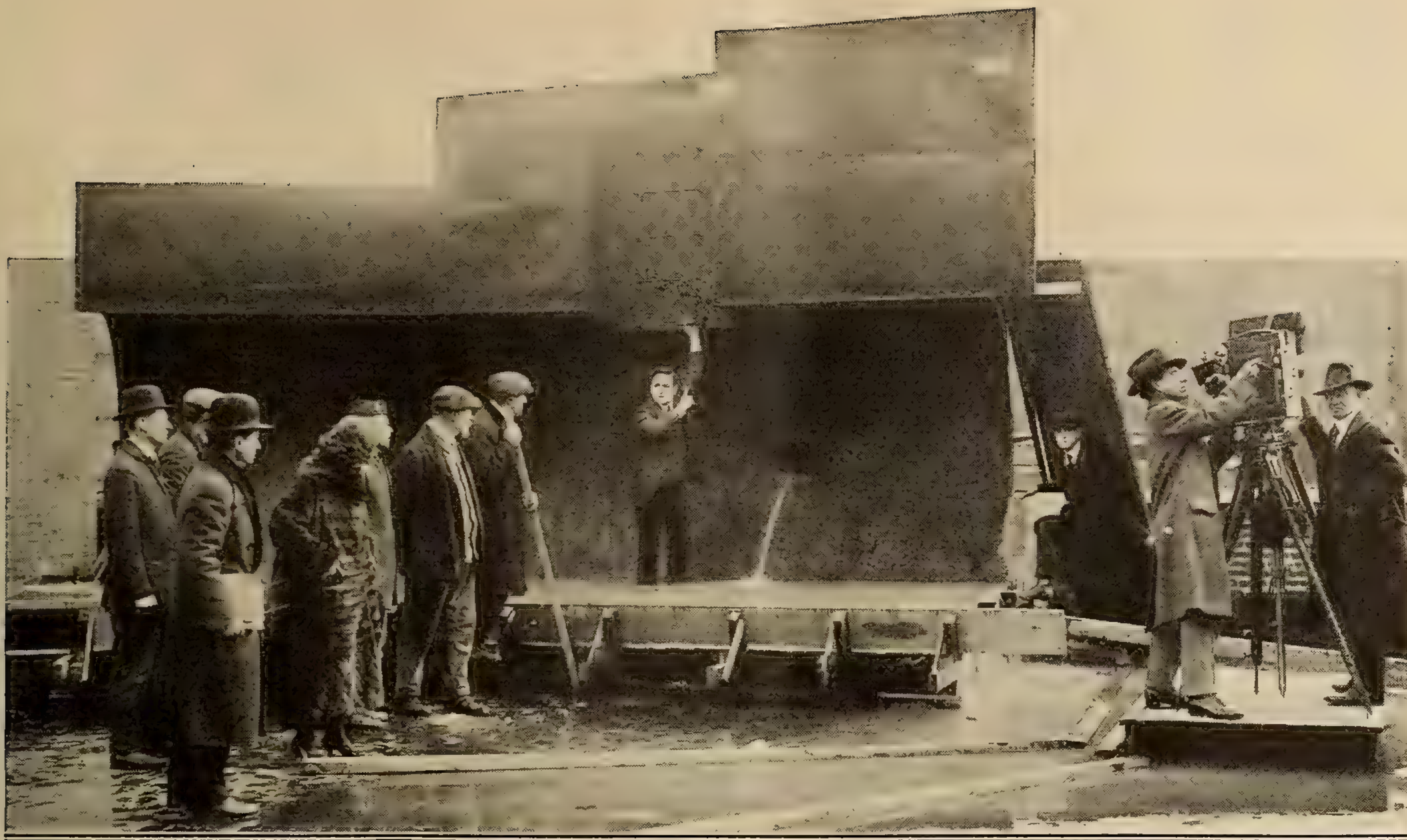
"I don't suppose you know—since interviewers are notoriously ignorant persons—that in those days the studios did not have the large force of men they have nowadays to decorate the sets. No, indeed; Bill, the property man, and I did it all. I carried almost everything that was needed for fixing up the sets, including cans of paint and vases for flowers. Bill would paper the walls, paint the floors, put down rugs, hang up pictures—all with my assistance, don't forget; then the carpenters would move the furniture in, and the set was ready.

"In those days I carried satins for boudoir scenes, packages of snow for northern sets and the glittering paste jewels of the Queen! In those days it was 'Lizzie, this,' and 'Lizzie, that'—and whatever was wanted, from a double-



"Lizzie" and Katherine McDonald.





*You would never guess what this was unless we told you. It is a scene in a deep, cavernous, horrid sewer, 'way under ground, but for purposes of clear photography, the movie folks built it on a roof, which is where you see it.*

barrel shotgun to an ivory toilet set, I carried. I was the catch-all, the what-not, the dray-horse of the studio.

"Those were the days when I worked from morning till night, being, as I may say, pushed from pillar to post, and often pushed to the wall! But at least I was in demand; everyone, from the star down to the gatekeeper, knew me and respected me. Geraldine Farrar used to leave her lace mantilla in my care when she made 'Carmen,' and Mary Pickford, as *Glad* in 'The Dawn of a Tomorrow,' used to leave her glad rags in my charge. When Sessue Hayakawa and Fannie Ward made 'The Cheat,' I kept the precious seal on which the story hinged—you know, the one he brands her with. Where, I ask you, would that picture have been if I hadn't kept track of that seal?

"And how Dustin Farnum respected me! When he was making 'The Virginian,' and the school-house scene came off where they bring the babies to the country dance, one of the mothers wanted to go to the office, but didn't want to leave her infant on the set.

"'Give it to me,' said Dusty. 'I'll put it in Lizzie's care. She cares for everything else around the studio; I'm sure she won't mind.' And the mother went off perfectly satisfied, while Dusty de-

posited the youngster on top of me, telling me to be a good nursemaid and not to flirt with the electrician!

"You can see how it galls my soul, after my brilliant career, to have to retire thus into private life and have only bottles of glue and screw drivers for intimates. I used to have so many visitors, and now Katherine McDonald is the only one who comes to see me, and though I appreciate her kindness, I have a suspicion that she covets my Redwood exterior for a chiffonier for her dressing-room!"

### Vain

*Friend*—How do you manage to shed real tears when you're acting?

*Movie Actress*—I just think of the millions who have died without seeing me on the screen.

### Call the Censor

*Flora*—I hear De Ruyter has just finished another sex script.

*Fauna*—Yes; he calls it his latest obscenarior!

### Why They Go Insane

*Director*—Say, you!

*Scenario Writer*—Yes, sir.

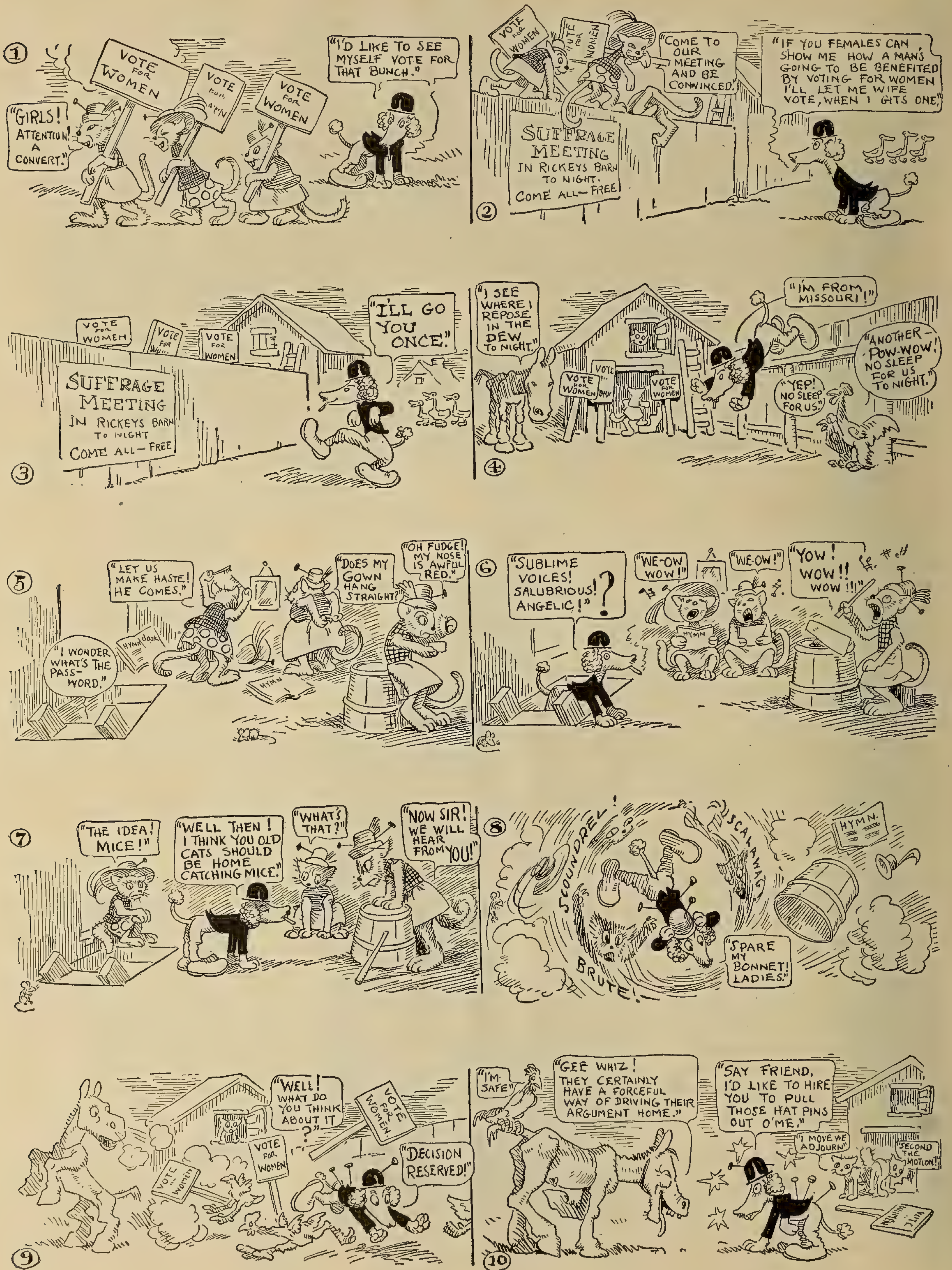
*Director*—Write me a story which will make the women cry and the men laugh.



**HENRY WOODWARD**  
*Latest leading man of the Hollywood set.*



# "Chawlie" in the Screen Drama "He Butted In"





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to make your own selection from this assortment of ten Judge Art Prints, thus giving you an opportunity to pick out the ones that appeal to you the most. Heretofore we have been offering these prints in groups of five, choosing those which proved to be the most popular subjects by their demand. This time we are leaving it to you entirely.

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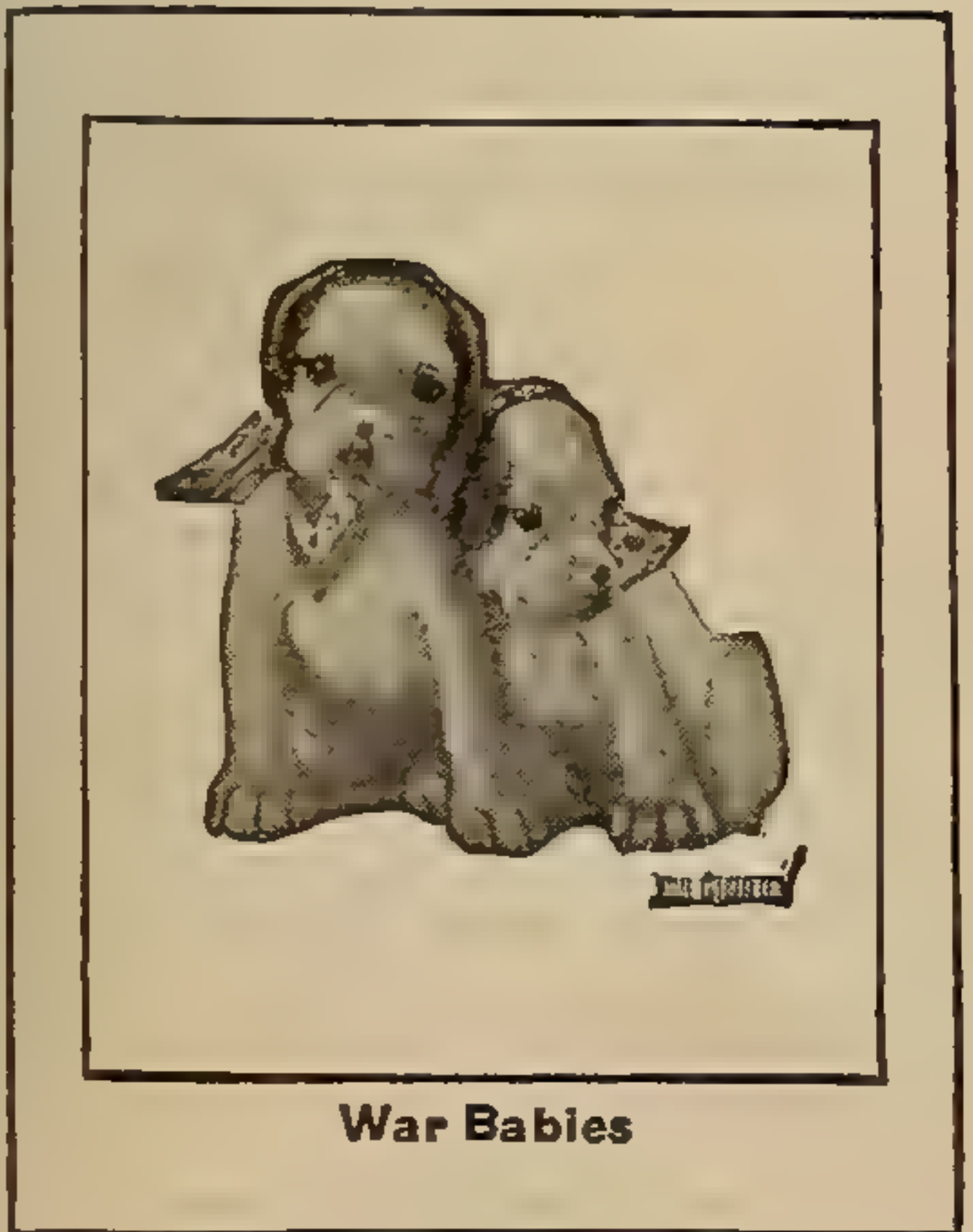
Navy Blue



A Baby Bond



A Present from Her Sailor Friend



War Babies



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A Trench Spade



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Good-Bye, Old Pal



Telling It to the Marines



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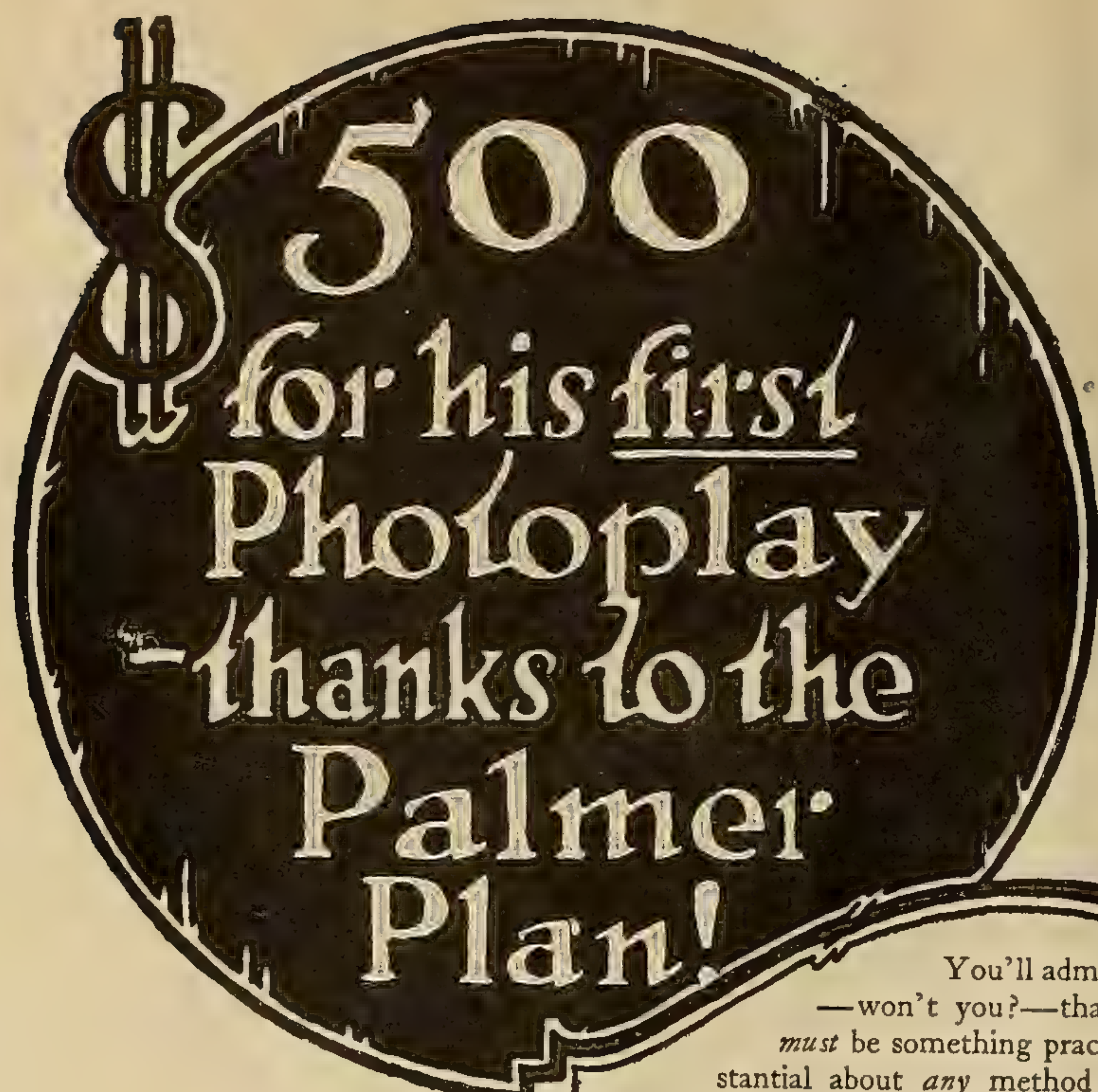
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Navy Blue.                        | <input type="checkbox"/> A Tribute From France.     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> A Baby Bond.                      | <input type="checkbox"/> Good-Bye, Old Pal.         |
| <input type="checkbox"/> A Present from Her Sailor Friend. | <input type="checkbox"/> Telling It to the Marines. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> War Babies.                       | <input type="checkbox"/> A Jill for a Jack.         |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Petticoats and Pants.             | <input type="checkbox"/> A Trench Spade.            |





HERE'S a letter from one of our students—just as it came to our desk the other day. And it says more for the Palmer Plan of Photoplay Writing than anything we could say:

"Though I am sure my spoken expressions of gratitude convinced you of my appreciation of the splendid and satisfying service and assistance I have been so fortunate as to receive through the Palmer Plan, I *must* add a written word of thanks. Your cheque for my photoplay synopsis, 'Prince Toby', which you have just sold for me to Mr. Douglas Fairbanks for \$500 was a most welcome present, I assure you.

"As 'Prince Toby' is my first photoplay to be accepted, I am more than happy to make the statement that, in my humble opinion, the Palmer Plan and its Manuscript Sales Department are superlatively efficient and quite invaluable to proven writers as well as to those who would be such."

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## Screen Scrapple

By H. R.

THIS is a lazy era. Victrolas have robbed us of the good old-fashioned desire to play the piano, autos carry us about and make the once-useful art of walking a crude accomplishment, and then, of course, there is the movie to relieve us of the arduous task of thinking. The brains of movie fans run in well-regulated grooves and could warble to the film, "You made me what I am to-day. I hope you're satisfied."

Not long ago in a certain production Irving Cummings, who has always been associated with heroics, was cast as the villain, while George McQuarrie, that purveyor of screen evil, was, for once in his life, given the chance to act the hero. And the public got all mixed up and over-exerted, wondering why the villain was kissing the heroine. This shows the laxity and selfishness on the part of the producers, who could have supplied an illuminating caption at the beginning to call attention to the switch. This would have saved patrons the necessity of coming out of their lethargy. No doubt if Theda Bara were to do *Pollyanna* on the screen, the fans would squirm at her wickedness, while if Mary Pickford should appear as *Salome*, the children would flock to see her. In due time the photoplay will have accomplished its mission, and having robbed the populace of even the brains to know that it wants amusement, will have killed that which gave it life, and so expire.

And yet it would be a crime to sacrifice the blind faith of some of the fans I know. One sat in back of me at a private showing of a serial the other day. Marguerite Marsh happened to be the leading lady, and a sub-title was flashed to the effect that "You are eighteen years old to-day, my dear." The fan behind me nudged her companion in a perfect frenzy of perturbation. "Oh," she said, "that's not true! I happen to know she's only seventeen!" Such people are the cause of serials.

William Fox, who brought the vampire into vogue and is still at large, recently sailed for France with a staff of his officials. It is noised around Broadway that his object is to sign up Bill Hohenzollern to appear in some of the more serious comedies for which the Fox name is famous.

And speaking of William Fox re-



minds us of the billing of Evelyn Nesbitt's newest picture, entitled "Thou Shalt Not"—the story of a girl who came back. I call that adding insult to injury! And her last picture was called "I Want To Forget." So does the public! Not that it wouldn't have forgiven her if she only hadn't come back pushing her past before her.

Agnes Ayres, the Vitagraph O. Henry girl, has decided that pride is an unbecoming trait. She had been making personal appearances in New York and neighboring towns, and, much impressed with her own popularity, had decided that the public was not without acumen and discernment. After one of her little speeches she was approached by a dear young thing, an ardent fan, who lisped for a photograph of the star. Agnes radiated appreciation of the girl's good taste and invited her to the hotel where she was stopping. The girl trotted along, chattering spiritedly, telling Miss Ayres delectable things about her beauty, how she just *loved* her acting, how she never missed *one* of her pictures, and how she just *adored* to see her on the screen. Then, receiving the photograph, she thanked the star sincerely, powdered her nose, flipped her skirts, lisped good-by, and, ye gods! called her by the name of another star! A transitory thing is pride!

A tribute to Bill Farnum's acting was paid by a fan the other day, who at the same time disclosed her own unusual gifts. Farnum was in the act of tossing a few extras around like bread crumbs. "Oh," said the fan, "he's mad! I can tell it just as plain!"

Those sensitive patrons who revel in the lighter moods of Bill Farnum, as playfully depicted in clouts on the jaw and an eagerness to strike below the belt, will be pleased with "The Man Hunter," a dainty offering of hatred and revenge. Farnum's histrionic ability is manifested in timely wallops and well-directed blows, mixed with a goodly spattering of seething paint. It is rumored that in his more active moments the star is practicing girth control, but this story was denied by one who has recently seen him.

We are informed in a breath that the income tax of the leading picture people in Los Angeles approximates \$3,200,000. And yet the stars have made

their fortunes quite honestly and gently, with the casualties in the camps of the attacked limited to a few fits of hysteria, acute nausea and premature grayness. Of course the above figures are roughly given and may be erroneous to the extent of \$200,000 or so. But, phoof! what are a few hundred thousand when you're speaking of pictures?

Looking over the long list of pretty leading ladies, there seems to be no one that Bill Hart has overlooked. This may have something to do with the persistent rumors from out of the West to the effect that the Two-gun Man is to retire. Having sampled the industry's prettiest and daintiest, life can hold but little for him, unless a sympathetic somebody can discover a new fall crop of leading ladies. Bill Hart, unlike history, never repeats.

Charlie Chaplin gave his wife, Mildred Harris, so much good publicity by marrying her that her popularity increased all over the world. If Charlie were of a charitable turn of mind, he might start a harem to give the poor and unappreciated movie actresses a chance for fame and fortune.

One of the most notable improvements of the silent drama is noticeable in the decoration of sub-titles. It is oftentimes a simple matter to understand just what they mean. For instance, you can't go wrong on the lily or the little devil peering over the champagne glass, and you can pretty much tell what a picture's about, too, when you see the title decorated with bags of gold. The spider and the web intricately mingled with the caption often make it unnecessary for Gladys to sit through the entire picture, and the moth and the flame is a story in itself and barely needs the accompanying drama. There is often more suspense in a cluster of orange blossoms than there is in the play. This high art has been carried to the pinnacle of perfection by those who have aimed to improve the industry, and it has reduced scenario writing to the merest formality. A real, good photoplay can easily be told in a couple of dozen sub-title decorations.

### Proof

"Is your son ambitious?"

"Not at all. He's never tried to write a motion picture scenario."



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or Druggist.**

## The Cutting Room

The Answer Man's waste basket yields many discarded ideas as interesting as the bits clipped from a feature film at the behest of the censors. A. Messenger has compiled some of these. Let us know if you like them.

**Discouraged:** Why? There's no doubt, if you are pretty and persistent as you say, that fifty thousand dollars will secure you a star part in a photo-play. If, after completion, the picture is never released, you may be sure there are many to keep it company, like Maxine Elliott's "Eternal Magdalene" and the unnamed play starring the mysterious "Mona Lisa." When this happens, the star is supposed to comfort herself with the hope that future generations will recognize work too fine for the strenuous folks of our times. If your fifty thousand is administered by somebody who understands salesmanship, your chances are better.

**Scenarist:** I'm not surprised. Nearly everybody believes he could write a play. Better have yours out. The operation is usually more or less painful. Not all cases are curable. As a first aid, saturate your system with the idea that a string of incidents doesn't make a plot, although many features nowadays appear to get along without either. The best anybody can do is to

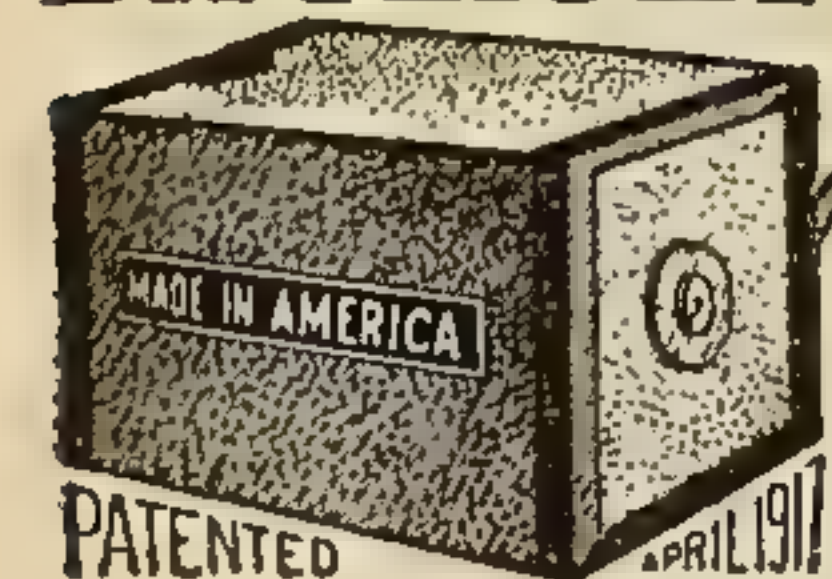
work over the old plot ideas from new angles. Above all things, be reasonable and let real people carry the action along logically. Would a sample plot be a help to you?

**Harty:** We've heard that some progress has been made with the process, but so far as we can find out, asbestos notepaper is not yet on the market. We would be glad to give you better news, for we know the danger and discomfort of having so much inflammable material around the studios. Home happiness is often marred by the kind of letters against which you seek protection, and we suggest, as a trouble-saving device, a printed form reply. You have our deepest sympathy.

**Bonnie Baby:** For your barefoot camera dance any kind of feet will do, although the long, flat, narrow type seems just now to be in favor. The courage to come out flat-footed has been a trait in womankind from the beginning of time, and not one of 'em but has received masculine assurance that her wee tootsies were the loveliest on earth. So that part is all right; but if you're going in for it, you ought to learn to really dance. So many neglect this little detail.

**Rural:** Chicken farming on Broad-

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EXHIBITORS-MUTUAL

WOODBURY PHOTO

She wants what she wants when she wants it, and usually Bessie Barriscale gets it, whether it be success, fame, fluffy ruffles, or garden truck. She has attained such eminence as a screen star that New York is claiming her as a native daughter. Maybe so, but she's a voluntary Californian.



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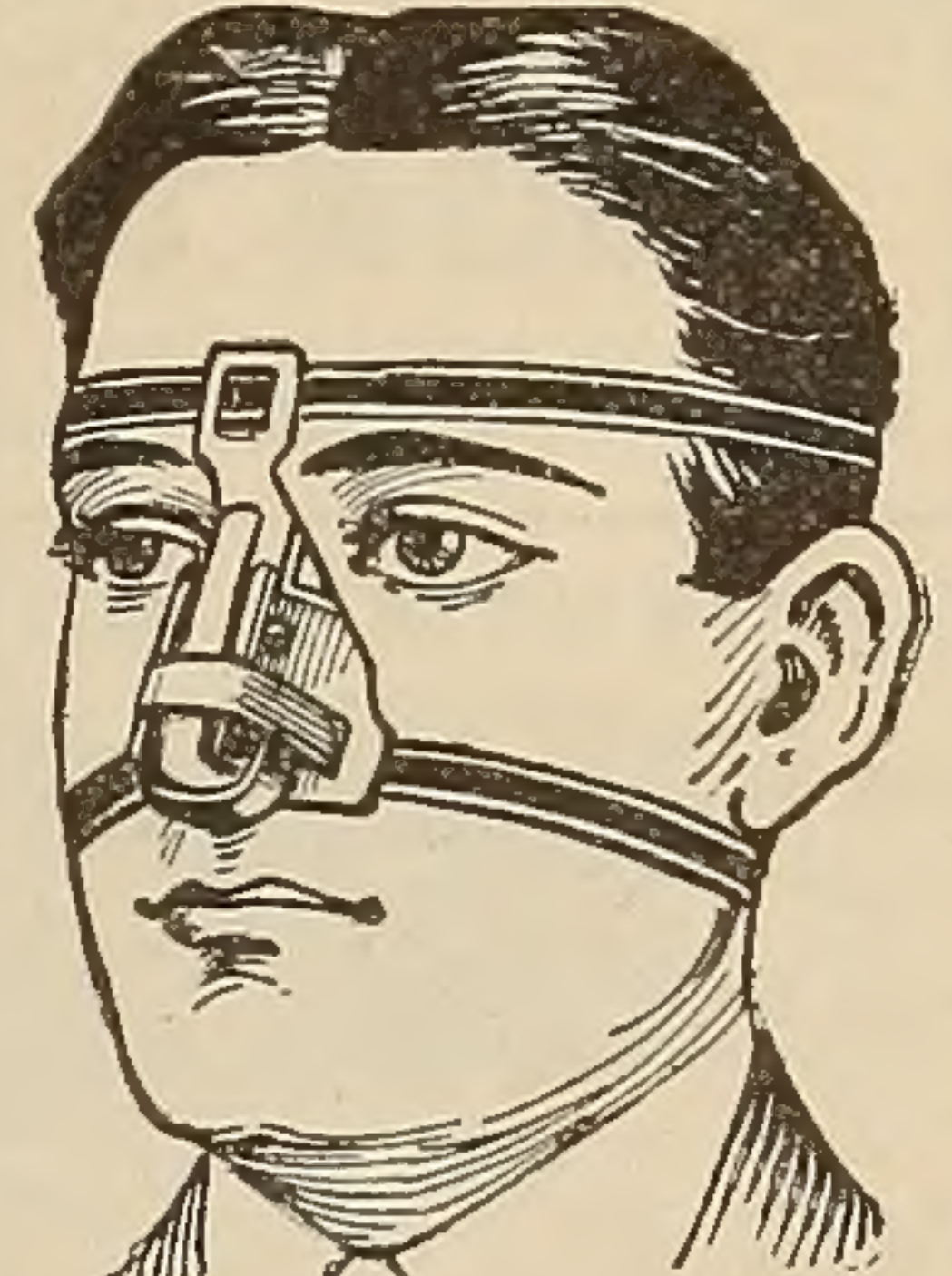
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Here's a picture, humorous as it seems, there appears to be an aspect of true American patriotism to it, and at this particular time of affairs it is making a tremendous hit.

Printed in three colors and mounted on heavy double mats it makes an ideal wall decoration, being all ready for framing.

Why not get a copy for your home, den, or club-room? Or, if you are considering fixing up that bungalow or cottage for the summer why not brighten up the walls with one of these art prints?

Send us twenty-five cents, cash or stamps, and we will forward a copy, postage prepaid.

**Judge Art Print Department**

225 Fifth Avenue

New York City

Elinor Fair's admirable work in Strand-Mutual Comedies has led her to a star part in "Married in Haste." This picture seems to prove she will have no trouble in living down her comedy past.

way never pays. Fewer people are going in for it since war began, but if nothing but experience will satisfy you, Broadway will accommodate you, and the variety of types of show girl sure she'd film well is practically endless. It will save you time and trouble to advertise in advance of your arrival something like this: "Youngster with ambition and \$25,000 wants to enter films." (They're all youngsters on Broadway.) This will get you in, believe me. A smaller amount might be less painful to lose, or a larger sum represent a more complicated system, but the end is the same in either case.

**Clothes:** It's easy enough when you know how. You "discover" some ambitious but not yet famous dressmaker and persuade her you can make her so if she will study your style and create the gowns for your pictures. For these you agree to pay a quarter or a third the ordinary price, promising as offset to this concession that your press agent shall herald descriptions of these gowns throughout the universe. The plan hasn't changed much since Dickens and Thackeray wrote it up, but it seems to find followers as readily as ever.



## Half Her Charm Is In Her Long Eye-Lashes

### Here's the Secret



#### Olive Tell

famous screen favorite, says: "A truly wonderful thing is Lashneen. It is a simplified method of taking care of the lashes and brows that produces the most wonderful results. I can sincerely recommend it to everyone."



Many women once considered plain, are now called pretty and attractive--all because they have found how to have long eye-lashes and well-formed expressive eye-brows. They set off the eyes--make them look striking--add new charm to the whole face. Any woman anywhere can now bring out hidden beauty in the same way. The whole secret is in the daily use of Lashneen. Easily applied. Results are quick and sure. Lashneen stimulates growth of lashes and brows by supplying natural nourishment and by keeping them healthy and vigorous. An Oriental formula. Absolutely harmless. Over 100,000 women have used it with success, including many stars of stage and screen and women of social prominence. Try it. Mailed on receipt of 50 cents (coin or money order.) Send today--money back if not satisfied.

LASHNEEN CO.  
Dept. 25 - M  
Philadelphia, Pa.

## THROW YOUR VOICE



Learn to throw your voice into a trunk, under the bed, out in the hall or anywhere. Lots of FUN fooling the Teacher, Janitor, Policeman or Friends. The VENTRILO is a little instrument that fits into the mouth out of sight. Anyone can use it. Never Fails. A 32 page book on VENTRILOQUISM sent with the Ventrilo for 10 cts. and 2 cts. postage.

### Kaiser's Dream

Will make you scream, given with above.  
ROYAL NOV. CO., Box 21, South Norwalk, Conn.

## NEW SCIENTIFIC WONDER

### "X-RAY" CURIO

PRICE 12 C. SILVER ONLY. BIG FUN

**BOYS** You apparently see thru Clothes, Wood, Stone, any object. See Bones in Flesh. A magic trick novelty FREE with each "X-Ray." MARVEL MFG. CO., Dept. 45, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

## MOVIE ACTING!

A fascinating profession that pays big. Would you like to know if you are adapted to this work? Send 10c. for our Twelve-Hour Talent Tester or Key to Moving Acting Aptitude and find whether or not you are suited to take up Movie Acting. Instructive and valuable. Send dime or stamps today. Interesting, Illustrated Booklet on Movie Acting included FREE!

Film Information Bureau, Sta. H, Jackson, Mich.

## FREE MILITARY AIRSHIP AND PARACHUTE

Boys! here's the great military model airship. Large 5-ft. gas bag with inflater; also parachute and dropping device. Can drop "bombs." Will fly for miles a height of 1000 ft. and can be used over and over again. Great chance for boys to study aerial warfare. Just order 12 packages of Bingo perfumed ironing wax, sell at 10c a pkg. No trouble to sell. Return money and this wonderful airship is yours. Send today. We trust you. Boys, if you want real sport send for this airship. BINGO CO., DEPT. 134 BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

## SEX KNOWLEDGE

A 276 page illustrated book which gives all the sex information you should have--in a wholesome and clean way. Sent prepaid, in plain wrapper, for \$1.00. MODERN BOOK CO., Dept. 1604, 32 Union Square, New York City

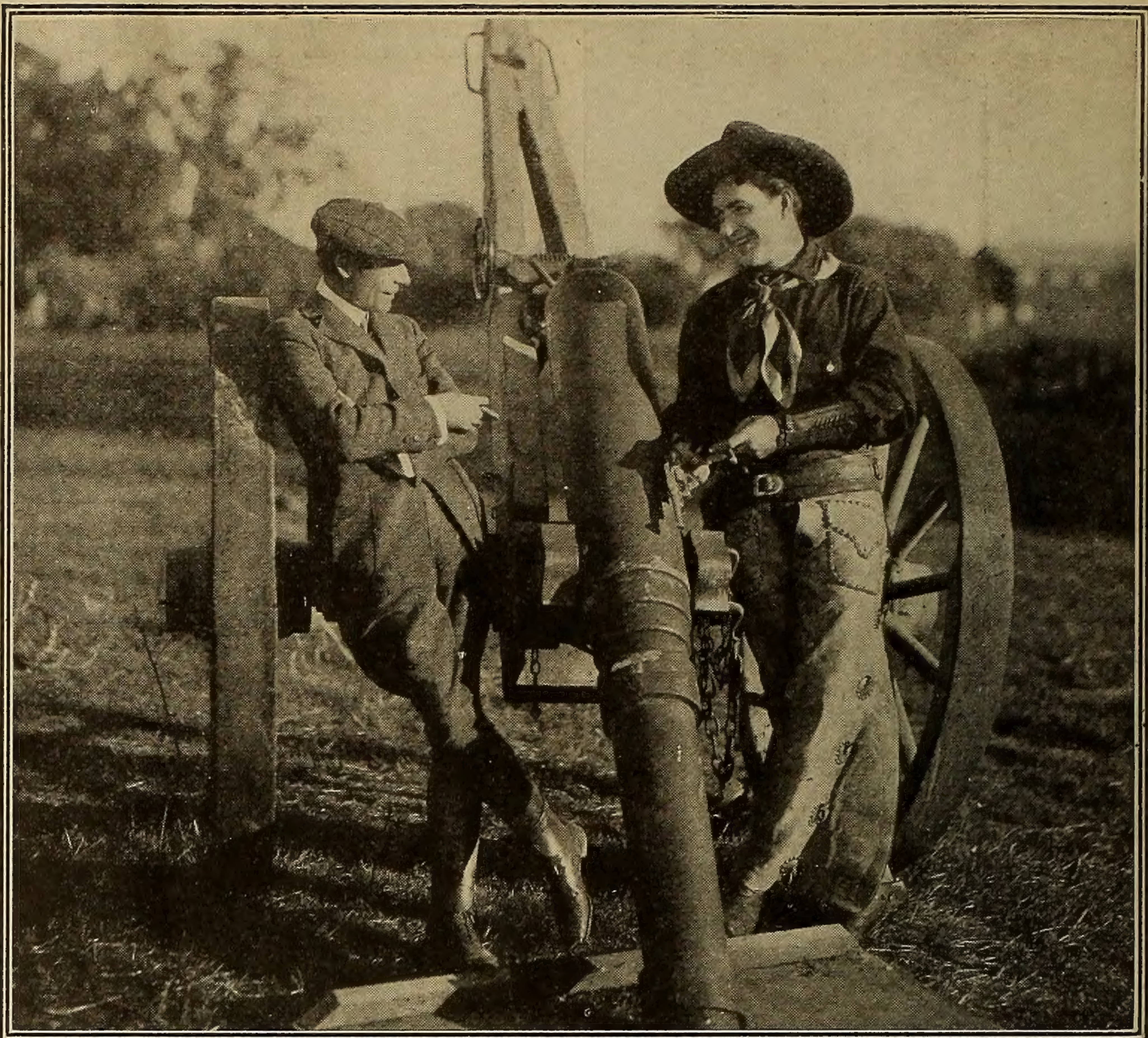


### PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair. 50c. and \$1.00 at druggists.

## PHOTOPLAYS WANTED

Big prices paid. You can write them. We show you how. Rex Publishers, Box 175, C-15, Chicago.



UNITED PICTURES

Dustin Farnum having his little joke about Big Guns and Little Guns with Director Warde, when at work on "A Man in the Open."

**Popularity Contest:** As the boy said about the core of his apple, "There ain't a-goin' to be any." When we see trouble looming ahead a long way off, we do not go to meet it. We are considering the advisability of a scenario contest. Everybody writes them, and we incline to the belief such a contest might set a lot of ideas to circulating that now are idle. Watch out for a later announcement.

## Whim-Whams and Wheezes

(Continued from page 10)

the "folks back home," will put through their pork appropriations for picture palaces instead of post offices! (Applause.)

**HEALTH NOTE:** Mabel Normand has entirely (we hope) recovered from a severe attack of polite-dramatitis and is tomboying again as sprightly as ever. Hooray for "Mickey"!

C. K. Y.

Though she was born young, it is queer  
She wasn't born Young, so I hear;  
For as older she grew,  
She became Young, it's true,  
By wedding young Young. Is it clear?

**THE** National Board of Reviews, the Supreme Court of filmdom,

said among other things that the costumes worn by Theda Bara in "Salome" were "fine." Consulting the dictionary, I learned that "fine" meant "thin, small, slight, slender." Whereupon I rushed out and viewed "Salome."

**A**S a positive cure for insomnia, I advise the reading of an interview with a film star in which she dissertates upon the heterogeneous hypothesis of the ultimate homogeneous physiology.

Especially if it happens that you attended school with the lady, back some years, and know just how strong she was for that stuff!

**L**ITERARY NOTE: Gladys Leslie, who looks like Mary Pickford and doesn't want to, says her favorite book is her bankbook. Your choice is a good one, Gladys, if the book be well illustrated. Ours is blank.

**A**CERTAIN film star says she wears gowns to match her soul. Strolling along this psychological pathway, we bump into Fatty Arbuckle. Now, if his trousers are any criterion, Roscoe must have a soul as large as a barrel.

But isn't this line of reasoning rather rough on Mack Sennett's bathing girls?





## It was all because of the great prune strike—

Prunes three times a day were more than human flesh would stand.

So Judy (Mary Pickford) led the orphans in a strike against prunes.

All the kids except Judy and Tommy soon gave up and went back to prunes. Being true juvenile Bolsheviki, Judy and Tommy "stuck." But nature is nature, and they just had to eat something—hence one of the funniest scenes in pictures.

**Watch for it at your theatre.**

It will be advertised under her own signature, thus:

# Mary Pickford

in Jean Webster's famous story and Play

## "DADDY LONG LEGS"

Miss Pickford, with her mother as business manager, is now producing her own pictures at her own studios. She has long wanted to give her friends the kind of photoplays she believes they will like best. In order to accomplish her ideal she has gone into business for herself and offers this famous play as an example of the kind of pictures she will personally produce.

The screen rights alone to "Daddy Long Legs" cost more than many photoplays in their entirety. Some theatres will have to raise their prices in order to show "Daddy Long Legs," but you will agree when you see it that they are justified.

Her first three photoplays from her own studios including this one, will be distributed for her by

The First National Exhibitors Circuit, Inc.,

A nation wide organization of theatre owners devoted to the development of bigger and better pictures.





# How I Teach Piano

To More Persons Than Were  
Ever Taught by One Man Before

I make good players of them in *quarter* the usual time,  
at *quarter* the usual cost, and all by  
*correspondence*.

"Impossible!" some persons said when I started, twenty-five years ago, but every year I obtained more students, until today many hundreds of men and women are studying with me in *all quarters of the globe*. Every state of the Union contains *scores* of accomplished players of piano or organ who obtained their *entire* training from me by mail, and at quarter the usual cost and effort. I will gladly refer you to *any number* of my graduates who will soon convince you of the surprising results they obtained by my scientific method. Write for my 64-page free booklet, "How to Learn Piano or Organ."

You learn faster, *not* because anything is omitted, but because you use every possible scientific assistance—many of which are *entirely unknown* to the average teacher. My patented invention the COLOROTONE sweeps away playing difficulties that have troubled students for *generations*. By its use, Transposition—usually a "nightmare" to students—becomes easy and fascinating. It enables you, in your *third* lesson, to play an interesting piece not only in the original key, but in all other keys as well. This one fact saves you *months* of valuable time. The COLOROTONE is patented and cannot be used by any other teacher or conservatory.

With my fifth lesson I send you another important and exclusive invention, QUINN-DEX, a mechanical "movie." It shows you every movement of my wrists, hands and fingers at the keyboard. *You see the fingers move*, as clearly as if thrown on the moving picture screen. You do not have to reproduce your teacher's finger movements from your MEMORY—which naturally cannot be always accurate. Instead, you have the correct models *right before your eyes* during

every minute of practise. You follow them minutely and exactly without any chance of error or misunderstanding. Without Quinn-dex much of your time (and your teacher's time) would be devoted to correcting bad habits acquired through faulty practise. This discourages more students and wastes more time

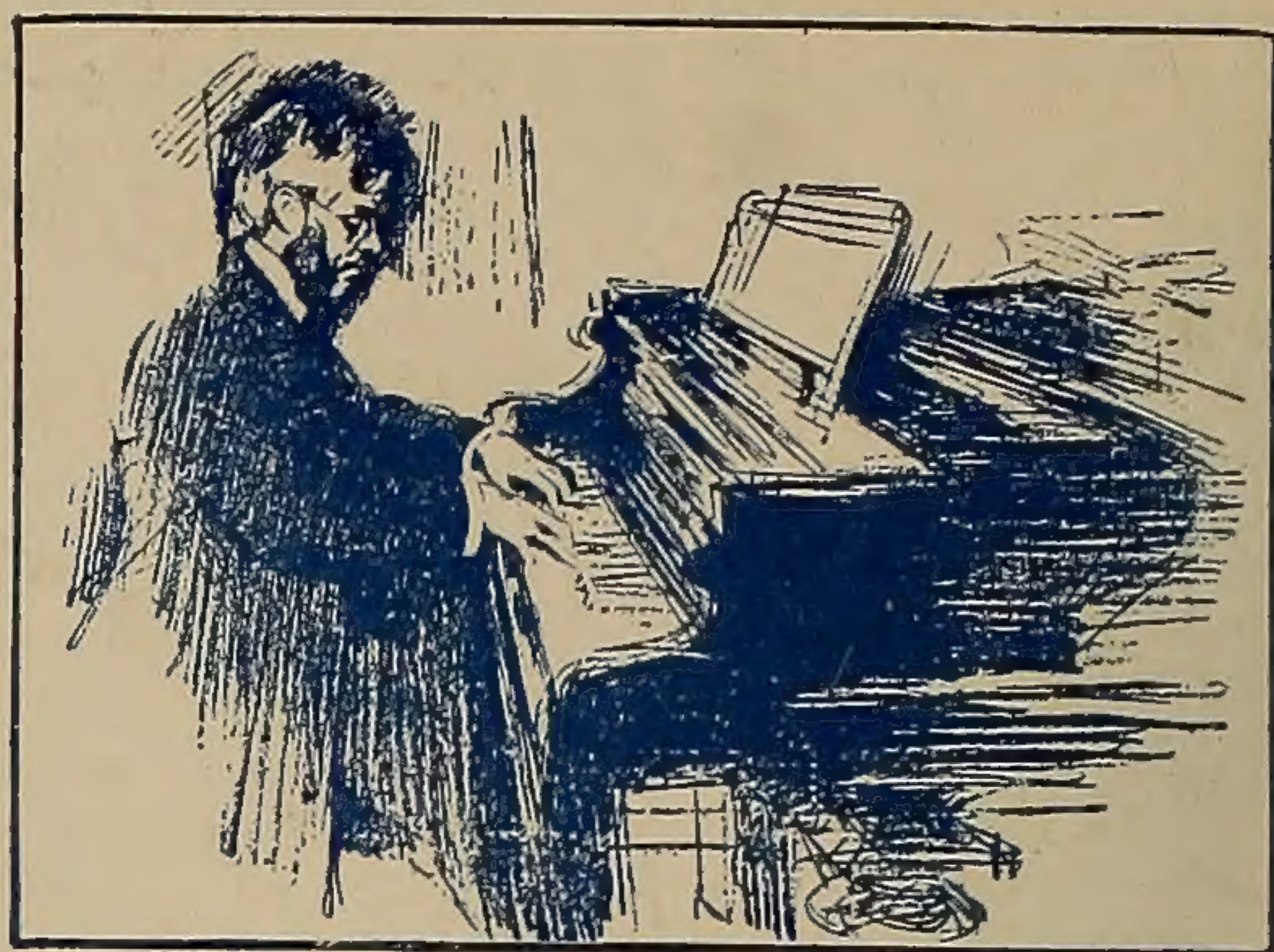
than any other single factor.

Quinn-dex does away with it entirely. You cannot obtain anything like Quinn-dex except from me. Moving pictures have never before been applied to piano instruction. Quinn-dex is operated easily and simply by hand, and even a child can successfully use it. *It contains 684 separate pictures*. Quinn-dex is fully explained in my free booklet, "How to Learn Piano or Organ." Write today.

The old way of studying with a so-called "private teacher" by the oral or "spoken" method is rapidly being discarded, and anybody can see why. If you want a teacher "all to yourself" and can afford only \$1 to \$5 a lesson, it goes without saying that you can obtain only third-rate instruction. No true authority could give you his entire, *exclusive* attention for so small a fee. Furthermore, by the old-fashioned oral method, at least half your "private teacher's" time is absolutely *thrown away* in giving you routine instructions about clef signs, measure bars, sharps, flats, the value of notes and rests, etc., etc., which are *necessarily* the same for all students and could just as easily be put into writing. Of course you can't remember a *quarter* of what he tells you, so most of your next lesson is taken up going over the same material again. This truly sinful waste is entirely done away with by my WRITTEN METHOD. Your routine instructions are all in *writing* for reference any time, day or night. Nothing is forgotten nor needlessly repeated. You obtain as much of my time *as you really need*, and every minute of it is devoted to your *real guidance*, and *not* to routine instructions. In all *essential* ways you are in closer touch with me than if you were studying by the oral method—yet my lessons cost you only 43 cents each—and they include all the many recent developments in scientific teaching. For the student of moderate means, this method of studying is *far superior* to all others. Even for the wealthiest student, there is nothing *better* at *any* price. You may be certain that your progress is at all times in accord with the best musical thought of the *present* day, and this makes all the difference in the world.

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